

Issue N°21

Ecndage CD

Asia Bondage by Sieven Speliotis

New Fetish books

Interview with Madame Sang

Art by Jeff Pittarelli

The Creature by JG-Leathers

Bedroom Etiquette by Trevor Jacques

Exposed by Trevor Watson

My inflammed Nipples

Wild Dancer Dr. D. Vice

Pictures by John Gillan Fakir Musafar Gaëtan Caputo Asakawa





© Cover by Caputo Gaëtan - October 2002

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Contributors to this issue: Gaëtan Caputo, Alain W., Christophe Mourthé, Steven Speliotis, Goliath verlag, Skylight edition, EPS, Trevor Watson, Doc. D. Vice, Tony Ward & Alixe, Pigalle, Gloria G. Brame, Schlagzeilen, Fakir Musafar & Arena publications, Madame Sang & Master R., Maxi Peach, SkinTied.com, Jeff Pittarelli, Justice Howard, Guy de Pauw, Trevor Jacques, Chessman, JG-Leathers, John Gillan, Asakawa, Martin Pelzer, my wife & eternal love Cathy, and you, our readers, of course! Thank you for your support! (if I forgot somebody, sorry about that...)

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif / Jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

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Editorial

The hardest thing for when I've finished a new magazine is to write the editorial. It's like giving birth to a baby, it's final, there is now way back. Normally I should write about what's happened in these last few months, but I cannot do this, because it's irrelevant. You see, the difference with the written and printed word is that I can never "erase" this. Quite different from the cyber world, no?

Respect is something I honour. If there would be no respect then chaos would come down on us and this small star would be the prey of dark ages. Wildlife has an instinct that shows respect to other species and the forces of nature. Humans have the ability to refuse this respect. It's also what makes them so destructive and dangerous.

I believe that humanity, as we know it, is in its last years of existence. We are the new dinosaurs of this planet, even if we lived on it for a fraction of time, we've done so much harm, so much destructive things that nature itself has decided that we should not go on living anymore. Nature or humanity itself? I don't know, but what I do know is that a species who cannot have sex without dying is forced, sooner or later to vanish from the surface of Earth.

Probably that's also one of the reasons that we are trying to enjoy ourselves as much as possible before the apocalypse comes down on us. But we must show respect.

I know, I know, I'm rambling here, but don't let that get you down. I've seen that most of my readers don't even read the editorial, so what the hell! ~grin

So here it goes: I've had enough. I want out. I am looking for a serious person, male or female, to take over the flame of SECRET and who will assure me of it's continuity and well being. I've been doing it, alone, for over 12 years and I have the impression I've reached a certain point.

So, if you are reading this and you think you might be up to it, then contact me. Don't waste my time, please. It's the only thing I'm very precious with.



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News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



TABOO - September 2001

This is what Ernest Greene told about SECRET...mmmmm. I like this!

"We highly regard Secret, produced in Belgium by long-time Euro-scene stalwart Jürgen Boedt, as one of the best fetish publication anywhere. Its tastefully daring B&W pictorials spotlight the work of top genre photographers, including Steve Diet Goedde, Gilles Berquet, Trevor Watson and Cristophe Mourthé, with the utmost style and respect. The visual splendor is handsomely supported by consistently witty and observant editorial commentary. reviews, fiction and instructional content." Now how's that for a compliment !! Hey, Skin Two!? Marquis?! Have you read this!!! I'm quite proud you see.... very much so. Yes, indeed... Now, of to my little terras and have a nice cold beer in the late evening sun here in the old heart of Brussels. Remind me I take a picture of this!!!! Then you can see how much I slave/work to get this magazine together....

Skin Two Rubber Ball

This huge fetish party will be held on the 7th Oktober 2002 in the Hammersmith Palace. Details: www.skintwo.com



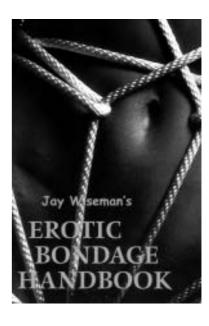
Dressing For Pleasure & Rubberist

The days that John Sutcliff put Rubberist together are long gone... but Mebray Ltd, also based in England is doing a good job to keep the Atomage and Rubberist spirit alive. Of course it's different but you will still find lot's of pictures of people all dressed up in rubber playing in the mud, readers letters, latex maid story and pictures, and so on. Get your copy from a local fetish dealer or directly from G&M Fashions, P.O.Box 42, Romford, Essex, RM1 2ED, England. Tel: 01708.735.222 - Mention SECRET!!

Fatal SM in Belgium

A couple, who were playing at home, had a terrible accident when a women died of interior bleeding. The man, who was drunk at the time called the police. He was sentenced 5 years of imprisonment. This shows again that alcohol and drugs do not go together with S&M. Quite tragical....

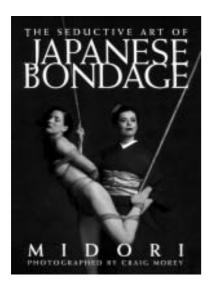
Did you read this???



Erotic Bondage Handbook written by Jay Wiseman

If you have read SM101 - a realistic introduction, then you will have high expectations about this book. Bondage has become a more "commun" use ever since it has been depicted in video clips, artbooks and I don't know what more. At a certain point every publicity campaign was about bondage... but we all know (I sincerely hope so!) that it isn't that easy to tie somebody up! Practice, good advice, knowledge a high degree of intelligence are needed... An excellent handbook like this one just comes in handy. For the more experienced players it will definatly open some doors you haven't thought of or it will explain some more explicit knots and positions. It's also highly informative for the absolute beginner as it goes from a to z about rope, knot's, positions and most important the risks. Bondage is mostly an sexual activity and the saying of Mr. Wiseman is "take one more precaution than you think you need to". I strongly

recommend anybody that is interested in bondage to purchase and read this book. It's fascinating, well written and some hints may save your life one day... who knows?! Available from Greenery Press, 1447 Park Street, Emeryville, CA 94608, USA. Also: www.greenerypress.com

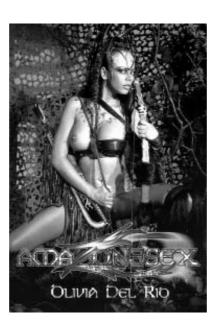


The seductive art of Japanese Bondage written by Midori

It's been in the air for some time now: bondage and especially Shibari (Japanese Bondage) is "in". Oh, God, do I hate that word! Everything that is "in" means it will sell, bring in money, become mainstream, publicity campaigns, and so on. Bah! Beurk... but who am I to say this? I've published several pieces on Shibari because one needs to know more about this. I know something about bondage, but shit about Shibari! I've asked people who do know something about it to write me some information...because you need to know. Now specialist Fetish Diva Midori has put together a good book on Japanese Bondage. There is an excellent balance between "step by step" instructions and the more complicated tying up.. The drawings are clear and helpfull... but why didn't they put in more photography? Bondage and Japanese bondage has something sexual about it... Midori is the last to deny that. I've published hundreds of erotic, good bondage pictures but in this (by the way excellent) book there is a lack of

photography... All Shibari secrets have been shared and explained... but like Doctor D. Vice told me once... there is magic between the master and the model... You will only obtain this after years of training...and that makes it even more interesting. Midori explains very well the erotic possibilties, so it's only up to you know to find a partner who is willing enough to be tied up this way ... ~ smiles. I also expect a lot of readers pictures with Japanese bondage... OK? Available from Greenery Press, 1447 Park Street, Emeryville, CA 94608, USA.

Also: www.greenerypress.com Europe: Turnaround Ltd. Olympia Trading Estate, Unit 3, Cobourg Road, Wood Green, London N22 6TZ, England. www.turnaround-uk.com



AmaZonesex

by Christophe Mourthé. His third film for Colmax is a fantastic voyage into the world of the Amazones, with a story, beautifil girls and the typical Christophe Mourthé aproach. He has set a new standard in pornvideo as Michael Ninn did just a few years ago. Besides that he has brought out a statuette of Olivia Del Rio. A piece of art with a limited series of only 3000 handnumbered copies. Write to Colmax, Rue de la Cométe, 92600 Asnières, France. www.colmax-net www.christophemourthe.com



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Chaotic Order

An interesting fanzine with a very good interview with Michael Manning, Eric Stanze, artist Marc Ryden and Marco Farina. Articles on occult, vampires and more interesting stuff. Chaotic Order, 15 Digby Close, Doddington Park, Lincoln, LN6 3PZ, England.

boobs stars "O Pearls" and Minka! More information at this address: Creative Art Collection, P.O.Box 1317, 1013 Luxembourg. Price for the Erotic Passion Video N°24 with O-Pearl is 25 us\$ - Ref: EP24. Mention Secret when you write... please...



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TSUBASA

Tsubasa has emerged from the stillness of the printed image and produced his own Digital Art Document exhibiting the creative vision of erotic art. With the release of his First Edition DVD, Tsubasa's exhilarating world of digital erotic works and 3-D animation comes to life and becomes an intimate play partner and a source for fulfilling erotic fantasies. This DVD delivers a comprehensive collection of over 90 computer generated erotic images along with an animated feature titled "Reflection at the Speed of Flight".

The collective works of Tsubasa on DVD and additional information is available on

http://www.katmekat.com/studiof. To obtain information regarding the event at the Fetish Factory, please visit their website at

http://www.fetish-factory.com or contact glenn@thefetishfactory.com

Who are you? Why do you read SECRET?



Creative Art collection

For several years now, Lady Madeleine has been running an excellent magazine/video/piercing company called Creative Art Collection. Wordlwide known for her gold piercing jewelry and now for her excellent hardcore, but stylish, **EROTIC PASSION videos. Check** out the Loveballs videos with big

www.SecretMag.com



Great Fetish T-shirts

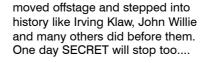
Fetish, 117 New Bridge Street, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE21 2SW, England

Write me....



NU

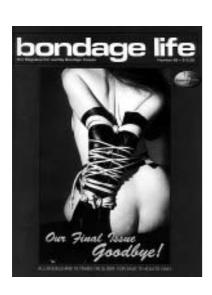
One of the better erotico - fetish related magazines is NU. Published in Italy it has a favour for ladies panties, good B/W nude photography, but in every issue there is this fetish hint. Just look at that cover..! Text is in English and Italian. For more information or to order your issue write to: Edizioni 3ntini & Co, Via Pier Luigi Nervi 1/b, 44011 Argenta Ferrara, Italy Price: 20 us\$





Dahmane

As a photographer who is out there to shock, he has done it again. On his website you can several images of nudes in mosques, historical sites, and so on. All done by Photoshop...Check it out.... http://www.ovni.com/fr/artistes/dahmane01.html



Bondage Life

After 25 years, 6800 pages and 85 issues, they have stopped publishing. They claim that sales have been so bad, because of the internet, that they had to stop all Harmony Magazines. A leading bondage magazine, who stuck to it's formula, who showed the way for other bondage magazines, have



Fetish Photo Anthology

Dear friend Jürgen,
Just a quick note to say I finally saw
one of those photographic
compilations you said had ripped
off your Fetish Photo Anthology
idea. You were right!

It's from a British publisher and it's

called "Masterpieces of Erotic Photography"! I couldn't stop laughing as I flipped through it. Even though it has color plates, it's terrible and I can't imagine it will sell well. At least I hope not.:)

It mostly concentrates on bondage, torture, latex, etc., pictures and while there are a few decent photographers included (Christophe Mourthé) for one - not one of my favorites but something of a "name" The book is mostly the work of second raters, including some US bondage porn web guys! It's a real travesty and nowhere in the same league as your interesting and dramatic fetish art books. I thought you'd like to know.:)

Your very good friend, Master "K"

Reply: thank you for the information. Please be patient, Fetish Photo Anthology volume 4 is being made just now! So look out for it!



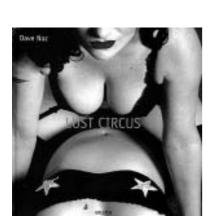
Contact Section

Young Danish engineer seeking dominant woman, couple or master.

I have always had a natural submissiveness towards women and from previous relationships I have come to adore and worship women! Since my youth I have been into the SM/fetish-world and these aspects have become a very central part of my life. This means that I'm mainly interested in a long term SM-relationship, but I'm willing to try short term relationships for some rubber/SM fun, this could also mean being a part of a closed fetish-group

or going to fetish parties. I have little expectations to you, just as long as your hooked on the idea of you being in charge, that's all. I'm also curious about serving a dominant couple or a master who's into latex/bondage/spanking. I'm 30 years of age, 192 cm tall, in good shape and quite good looking! So if your looking for a young, well educated (engineer) and very submissive/masochistic man to fulfil all your dominant and sadistic urges/dreams, please answer this very seriously meant add.

(Germany/anywhere)



LUST CIRCUS

Pictures by Dave naz, published by Goliath

Dave Naz is a late bloomer. He started only in 1995 as a photographer and has been very successfull ever since and he is one of the new rising stars in fetish photography. In Lust Circus you will find a great selection of colour photography of his friends & Mistresses who are enjoying themselves right in front of his lens. No tricks, no special angles, no speciual filters or special development, just good stuff. The only negative point is that the responsable for the layout has put some pictures on a double page and by doing so lost a lot of the strenght of the pictures because of the fold in the middle. But I am being difficult here... For information about a free catalogue (Mention SECRET !!) please contact: Goliath, Eschersheimer Landstr. 353, 60320 Frankfurt/Main, Germany. We'll have more about this book in our next issue.

More fun, more kink please!





Look at these two covers and wonder: Why haven't I seen these before? Let me tell you that Ricky Carralero and Jeff Pittarelli are great artists! Carralero is a mingle of Olivia & Sorayama and Pittarelli is, well, how can I say this, excellent! See more in this issue. Contact this great new publishers: MG Publishing, Industriestr. 15, 76437 Rastatt, Germany.







ASIA BONDAGE

When I discovered the photographic qualities of Steven Speliotis I was immediately struck by the excellent way he does the lighting and the rope-work. Not using the traditional Japanese bondage (Shibari) but it is more a part of his layout, his vision. The ropes make the photocomposition and make the picture/art even more intriguing and fascinating. In this excellent, and I am not exaggerating, book you will find some of the best bondage photography I have seen these last years.

Get it from Goliath Corp. PO box 136, New York, NY 10035 USA Email: Goliath@debitel.net







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DARK SEX The Dupret collection of Fetish Photography

Do you want to know how your grand grandmother were having kinky sex? Do you want to see good B/W pictures as they were making them between 1890 s and 1920 s? Well, then DARK SEX is your book. The pictures assembled in this A5 size format book is better than most of the fetish photographers are trying to show us these last years. They could learn something from Grand Dad!

Good stuff!

Printed by EPS, Maddax House, 1 Maddax Street, London, W1S 2PZ, England. Tel: 020.7437.8887













Using the title "extreme sex" to atract attention is in itself not a crime, but printing pictures from the likes of Trevor Watson, China Hamilton, Irving Klaw and Robert Choraqui in such a awefull way is. This anthology of photographers is interesting, but sadly a lot of the pictures have been seen in other books. To be honest, it's a cheap imitation of our own EXTREME book but if you are a collector, then you should get this. Otherwise, just wait for our next volume of EXTREME.

I promised to do a review, I did, but I also promised to print their details, so here they are:

Printed by EPS, Maddox House, 1 Maddox Street, London, W1S 2PZ,
England. Tel: 020.7437.8887





by Trevor Watson



He is, by all means, one of the top class fetish photographers on this globe and you and I will never know what impact his pictures have had on our society or even our fantasies. I was a fan (without being fanatic) of his pictures before I started with SECRET and, in my humble opinion, he is the best.

So often imitated, copied and plundered by other "so called " fetish photographers, he has continued to set the standard of fetish photography so high that his art is now a fact that nobody can deny.

Finally we have a good hardcover book, with an excellent selection of his art of the last 20 years. If you like SECRET, then you will love EXPOSED! Get it now...

by Trevor Watson





Dr. D. Vice

Wild Dancer

byDr.D.Vice

Randa Mai prefers black. Not Chrome Hearts or any of the fashionable get-up. And definitely no fancy latex pervwear. He wears baggy pants and worn-out shirts. He sports a three-day-old beard, dons sunglasses, chews gum and removes his shoes and socks for each performance. The latter allowing him to feel the ropes should he step on them. This nawashi (rope artist) even boasts a fourth dan in shorinji kempo, a Japanese fighting style of Chinese origin, but doesn't look anything mildly approaching the threatening type. Randa Mai is of humble demeanor. A quiet man he is, considerate to others.

"The nawashi should stay in the background. The center of a performance is the woman who is being manipulated by rope, much like puppets brought to life by invisible puppeteers. I like to compare myself to the kuroko, those men in black that control the puppets in traditional Japanese bunraku theater"

An interesting parallel. But what about the female fans. Don't they want to see how the sensei, the master, interacts





with the girl? How he weaves his magic? How he moves? "Well, of course, I can't make myself completely invisible. Firstly, because of the 'stage' [in most clubs the performance unfolds in the middle of the room] and, secondly, because of the lighting [every club has its own light show]. But, in principle, my goal is to present the girl in her full beauty and to make her suffer in an erotic dance where pleasure and pain are as one. Plus, I want to show the rope techniques, the style, the level of difficulty and the intricacy that is all going into it. For all of these I can stay outside the center of attention."

It is many years since Randa Mai made the transition to professional nawashi. It's a transition which now enables him to earn the entirety of his income from Japanese bondage. In between performances he collaborates on various film productions, an involvement committing him to more than a hundred videos a year, sometimes as director or producer, but always as actor-cum-rope-artist. "Naturally, I need to be conscious about what the audience



will see. Simply speaking, I can't stand with my back to the camera blocking the view of the model. At live performances you often have people sitting or standing on all sides. That's why I hardly stand still in one place. Instead, I am kind of dancing around my victim all the time." Perhaps that's the reason for choosing Randa Mai (Wild Dancer) as his 'nom de rope'? "The more space I have, the larger the circles I can run and the more I can get into it." And, indeed, once this nawashi is in full tilt, the ropes are flying all over the place, seemingly having a life all their own: loose ends are sent darting through the air, decorating customers and tables alike, drinks go atumbling and the female guests can't contain their shrieking.

And what would Randa Mai say were the major differences between live performances and video work? "Live and video are two completely different art forms. With video you repeat scenes, keep changing the sets, and have frequent breaks. There are cuts, new camera angles, new locations, even more cuts and then even more new camera angles. The actresses often come straight from the adult video scene and are being booked via agencies. They do not necessarily have a taste for bondage or S&M. In videos, the sex part takes priority too, whereas bondage comes second. And, of course, you have the whole day to shoot. There's enough time to play all kinds of games from intercourse to enemas, from whipping and cuffing to suspension bondage, all the time punctuated with a heavy dose of sexual action. You meet the woman on the set, do your thing, and the next day can't remember her name. During the actual work there is very little room for real pleasure."

Everything is staged, so to speak. Does this mean during a live performance everything is for real? "In a certain sense, yes. To satisfy the audience I need to send my girl on a complete journey. I can't deliver half measures or something that's incomplete. That's why I only do shows with girls I know. They must be genuine masochists and I must have built a relationship with them. These are my girls and I don't let any other performer touch them." This is not to say his girls can't still work and earn good money as rental slaves in clubs or pose nude for magazines or even participate in videos. But one thing is for sure: a live show is a very intimate affair for Randa Mai.

So how does a sensei spend his private time? "The highest pleasure is of course the 'real' S&M play, play which is in private, at home, in a rental dungeon or at an S&M love hotel." And as for how some of the more well-known sensei are either monogamous or married, sometimes even to a 'normal' woman, whilst others cannot separate bondage from sex? "I am not so particular about this," confides Randa Mai." I can spend the night with a woman without ropes or have sex with one 'slave' one day and with another the very next. However, nothing beats an intense relationship, an intimate partnership with a M-woman." Suffice it to say that the number of available women dwindles only to a select handful once love enters the thinking.

Does a man have to be a sadist in order to become a good nawashi? "The most important point is having an affinity towards the rope. You have to love the rope. How it feels, how it smells, the sound it makes. You must fully appreciate the almost boundless possibilities it offers up for satisfying women. The rope artist must be able to listen into the woman and the communication must be there. During the bondage he is fully accountable for the woman's physical and mental state. Why ever would a non-sadist take on such a complicated responsibility?"



Each to their own, so the adage goes. M-women included. There are those who like ropes and only ropes, others who like pain. Some women want to be slaves all the time, others just during play. Which would Randa Mai say was the best type for him? "There must be balance in everything. The girl must be a little bit of a slave, must enjoy just the right amount of pain, must love a lot of rope, must like kissing and tenderness, must like sex and I must like her enough to enjoy her company beyond the bedroom. She must be my friend, my girlfriend, and my lover"

Who then are these girls that blossom under the whip and turn into almost angelic figures once hopelessly



restrained? Almost all of them are "heart sick," as Randa Mai puts it. Most are under a lot of pressure, a lot of stress, and have chanced upon a means of relieving this by submitting themselves completely for a few minutes, a few hours, for a full night. Only about 10% of them are 'atama okashi' (crazy in their heads) according to Randa Mai's estimation. The majority have learned to turn pain into pleasure and almost all of them don't consider the rope as something intrusive or something to fear, but rather a good friend that hugs and protects their body, that makes them feel comfortable and cared for.

How about the breakdowns after a girl has endured a particularly hard session? One moment you have a mature woman in ropes, the next she has changed into a four-year-old child unsure of herself or where she is. "Things like that happen. That's why you always need to set aside time for after-care, to huddle and to talk after a session. It can be a tough gig to bring a girl back down to earth, a girl that is crying uncontrollably and utterly helpless. But I like it when it happens. I enjoy it. And I am prepared to change it into a good experience for all."

Upon closer inspection, it would appear that the art of Japanese rope bondage is relatively limited in its number of techniques. In shorinji kempo, ninjutsu and some other martial arts you may have thousands of unique waza (techniques), but for a nawashi... "Correct. There is only something like thirty base patterns. Of course, once you start with combinations and variations you can wind up with almost endless possibilities."

Today's sensei and performers may even choose to take on deshi (disciples) and one of Randa Mai's previous students is Mira Kurumi, the great hope of the younger generation of bondage enthusiasts. Mira is pursuing an S&M Illusion philosophy, where he incorporates magic acts into his bondage performances. Nevertheless, Randa Mai, who prefers the term S&M Entertainer over the more esoteric 'nawashi', is a self-taught rope artist, as, admittedly, are most of the other senior performers in Tokyo. Can his initial curiosity with rope be put down to anything in particular? Certainly. Randa Mai explains that his first encounter with S&M came at the tender age of ten when he stumbled upon a manga book depicting a bondage scene. The rest, as they say, is history.

Even though Randa Mai has practiced bondage for twenty years, he readily admits that he is still learning and still busy honing his craft. After all, it is more difficult than it looks. "You need to remember that you are dealing with the comfort (or discomfort) of another human being here. One small mistake and a rope with a load might slip, possibly leading to permanent marks or serious injury."

Assuming a more or less equal number of male sadists and female masochists, there are still relatively few men who possess the skill set and technique to qualify as masters over women. As a result, many m-women are remaining unfulfilled. Is this one of the reasons why the more visible rope sensei tend to have fairly large harems



of m-women? "Maybe so. A good master must be part psychologist, part therapist. He must be able to recognize the individual requirements of each woman in order to open doors for her, to send her on pleasurable journeys, to provide relief through strict treatment." The master as the good uncle then? "Relationships can assume many thousands of different shades. But speaking for myself, I am a very caring person, and, yes, I am providing my girls with a great deal of caring and love."



The minutes of a show

The photos accompanying this story were taken during two different performances at the Mistress Bar in Tokyo's Roppongi district. Together with the following descriptions they should provide the reader with a rough idea about Randa Mai's approach and style.

As behooves a professional nawashi, Randa Mai always brings his own toys and equipment, his own girls, and his own music. There are his ropes (six to eight seven-meterlong asanawa, the traditional Japanese bondage and torture rope made of hemp), one or two candles, one or two whips, one or two carabiner hooks. These 'tools' are neatly prepared and put within easy reach on the stage. At the beginning of each show, the kimono-clad 'model' will assume a slave position, mentally preparing herself for things to come, waiting for her 'master' to enter the stage, all the while Randa does a final few calisthenics before joining his girl – barefoot, of course.

Photo 1: Randa Mai is not a brute, and he's not in a hurry either. From the rear he puts his arms around the girl, slowly touching and feeling her entire body, hugging her, making her feel calm, loved and protected. He takes his time undressing her, puts her arms behind her back and commences with simple upper-torso bondage, using first one, then two ropes. This is done slowly, calmly, deliberately, without struggle, without force. The girl loves to be bound and is ready to receive the rope.

Photo 2: Both partners are sitting on the floor. Randa is still behind his girl, hardly visible, as he wraps the rope

around her breasts. As the excitement grows and the music increases a beat, Randa's moves now accelerate, the knots being tied more resolutely, yet never violently. He makes the girl get onto her feet and secures her with a single rope on a hook hanging from the ceiling. By this time the girl has already started the journey into her personal dream world. The extra rope will prevent her from falling and allows her to drift from consciousness as the nawashi now proceeds to apply a further rope to her waist in preparation for suspension bondage.

Photos 3 & 4: The upper body is now parallel to the floor, the girl herself hanging by the ropes, enjoying the safety afforded by a harness of hemp. Meanwhile, the nawashi is busy putting another rope around her left leg, pulling it up until the toes of the girl's right leg barely touch the floor. As Randa Mai picks up the other leg and fastens it against her waist, the woman now becomes totally suspended and delights in the sensation of weightlessness



while the nawashi is putting the final touches to this 'human installation': an aesthetically-pleasing sight for some, a painful and alarming sight for others. (*Photo 5*)

Ever turned on your feet like a dervish and, after stopping, lost balance and orientation? Well, nothing beats hanging suspended by ropes and being turned in mid-air. Slowly, Randa Mai turns his girl whilst the rope bearing the main load is being wound up like the spring of a clock. Once the master lets go, the body will rotate counterclockwise in ever faster circles. Powerless, helpless, an outer-body experience, under the complete control of her master, the woman now enters an imaginary kingdom that only she can visit, and to which only her master has the key. Perhaps later that night she will lie in her master's arms and whisper



to him about her journey and share her discoveries of the unknown, discoveries only a few lucky masochists are ever privy to.

Photo 6: An exceptionally joyous Randa Mai may choose to express his playful mood by jumping onto the human carousel, to both the surprise and delight of the audience. If there were ever any doubters that the rope could safely hold the woman, Randa is up there to prove or disprove any theories of gravity.

But the show must go on and a good nawashi owes it to his fans to present more than one technique. With approximately forty minutes to fill, the girl is now lowered and 'de-roped' only to have four new ropes applied to her ankles and wrists, finally then being pulled up hunter-style type of submissive situation and when the pain comes hurtling towards the alabaster-white skin of the girl, she can only wriggle and fight so much. But this is just the start of the 'tanuki' technique, where the woman is suspended on all fours, the back up-facing. This is achieved by her master forcing her hips through her arms, the result being an even more painful position. (*Photo 8*)

While certain types of bondage, even suspension, can be endured for relatively long periods, the tanuki (or badger) technique should only last a minute or two. And when the act is over, the 'model' will be exhausted, elated, tired, but happy. (*Photo 9*)

Less people would be watching his shows if every performance was identical. Thus, the nawashi always



like a captured animal (Photo7). It should be mentioned that hanging in such a fashion causes a large amount of strain, especially to the wrists, so the 'model' is welladvised to glean extra support by grasping the ropes with both hands. Contrary to the previous suspension bondage, the girl is now fully conscious as she must handle the strenuous and painful position by smartly adjusting her center of gravity. Good for her that she's such a cute and tiny little girl and that her wrists and ankles only have to support her lightweight 45kg body. Whatever your size, though, you want to avoid hanging in such position for too long, especially if you are not the sporty type. Of course, this hanging position does offer a few gratifying opportunities for her master: legs up and widespread, pelvis exposed and receptive to penetration, hands up and breasts laying bare to be sprinkled with hot wax or receptive to the master's whip. This is the horroroffers variety in his suspension bondage (*Photos 10 & 11*). The bondage aficionado will notice that the position of the rope's knot on the right leg of the 'model' (*Photo 10*) is on the side of the thigh, taking into account the intended 'flying' suspension pattern. Needless to say, one type of suspension can lead to another simply by adjusting and manipulating the various ropes under load – handling the gear not unlike professional yachtsmen or mountaineers.

Photo 12: The essence of Japanese rope bondage is the neatness and beauty inherent in the very application of a rope to a 'model'. A closer look reveals that Randa Mai also excels in this department. Should a technique leave extra rope over, there are dozens of ways to neatly fashion the loose ends into striking patterns.

Photo 13: Just to prove that there is more than one way to truss a person up, a tight bondage is woven around the sitting woman in the modified 'ebi' (shrimp) style, before she is eventually heaved up with her back to the floor. (Photo 14)

Photo 15: Perhaps just to provide a little extra eye candy for his fans, Randa Mai suspends his girl this time with the support of just one of her ankles. Such acrobatics may not be for everyone, and it takes a special kind of bondage to involve the heel so as to distribute the load around the foot as evenly as possible.

One of Randa Mai's strongest points is his prowess in locating the weight balance in his 'model', his awareness of the center of gravity at all times so as not to require excessive strength to lift his girl, and also to spare his girl any undue physical stress. Consequently, all his techniques appear easy and his girl seems to float above the floor just like a feather. There is nothing awkward or unbalanced in his suspensions. Suspension is easy, but making it look good is what separates the men from the boys, the masters from the amateurs.



Dr. D. Vice



This new book, edited by our French colleagues is a real masterpiece. It's daring, shocking at a certain point, but a perfect cocktail of erotic, sex and excellent B/W photography. It's the kind of book I would have loved



Tony Ward

to produce... In it you will find some extreme foot fucking, fetishism a lot of girl on girl stuff, but with an edge to it. The girls are excited and having fun while doing the shoot. Order your copy from Editions Alixe, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France. Mention SECRET because I had to buy this book to do the review, so maybe next time I'll get a press-copy...







FEMDOMS UNITE: KICK OFF YOUR HIGH HEELS

GLORIA G. BRAME

As I leafed through a fashion magazine the other week, I came across an article about feet. I smiled to myself when I read the opening sentence: "Pretty feet are highly coveted."

"Amen, sister!" I silently congratulated the reporter. It's about time that mainstream media recognise the erotic power of the human foot. Some of the finest people I know covet feet - and not just pretty ones, either. Dirty, sweaty ones sometimes smell just as sweet. To some of us anyway.

But my attention was soon diverted by a simply yet eloquently titled side-bar: "Tortured Soles." With a flutter, I began to read the text. A fashion editor, who described herself as a "self-professed stiletto addict" was confessing her life as a shoe masochist. She wrote about the time she wore a pair of shoes so tight and high that by the time she limped home, half of a toenail literally peeled off her foot when she removed on of the pumps. She barely blinked at this mutilation and stoically glued on a fake toenail. When her boyfriend expressed shock at the torments she endured for the sake of wearing spike heels, she sneered at him. "I don't understand how you can wear shoes that hurt," he said. "Isn't comfort the whole point of shoes?" "I laughed to myself. As if!" she wrote in her article, amazed by his stupidity.

Unlike that writer's boyfriend, I am not confused that someone would enjoy foot torture. What shocks me is that someone would wear a torture device without getting a sexual thrill from the experience. What kind of weirdo gives up a toenail without getting back an orgasm? That's just sick! Which brings me to a subject on which one of my former slave and I have occasionally experienced some cognitive dissonance. Among his many depraved charms, he was a shoe-fetishist. Just the sight of a sexy shoe can get him hard and footwear figured prominently in our lives, both in the dungeon and out in the world. My closet overflows with the boots and shoes he bought me over the years; and the space under my bed overflows with dozens of boots and shoes we've bought for him. Where my dogs once hid at bath time are now altars to the stiletto, the ballet boot, and the mary jane, the Holy Trinity of his shoe fetishism.

Until I met this slave, I thought I had a serious shoe fetish. Then I discovered there were whole new worlds of foot fetishism to be conquered. And conquer them we did, amassing a collection of heels and boots that could have shoed a small army. But every paradise has its bitter fruit. More than anything, my former slave loved fantasizing about me wearing high, spiked heels. It fits the image of the Domina formed in his (and millions of other mens') imagination. The Domina as the stiffly clad, brittle, porcelain icon of a Mistress, the She-Demon of SM porn tracts. When I look at those images of brittle women perched high atop unsteady, perilously high heels, it looks to me as if they're about to fall on her face. She seems vulnerable. She can't run. She can't move swiftly. She risks wobbling if she does. She looks like she's using every ounce of her concentration just to stand steady. Personally, I am the pragmatic, headstrong, self-sufficient, earthy type, not the delicate China doll type. I keep my feet planted firmly on the ground and that's hard to too when you're tottering on stilettos.

Aesthetically, of course, high heels are divine. In the dungeon, they are wondrous erotic toys. They can be sensuous, menacing, even terrorising; objects of worship, tools of destruction. Slipped into a submissive mouth, ground into a squirming groin, forced into a wriggling ass-what's not to like? But walking in them? Wearing them for hours at a time? It's just not for me. They hurt. Your back feels lousy, your legs are constantly cramping, and sometimes you stand at the bottom of a staircase and want to cry or turn back rather than climb up on your pinched and burning feet.

As a creature driven by a hunger for sensual pleasure (my own, that is), wearing uncomfortable clothes or shoes of any type is simply unfathomable. Tight corsets, old-fashioned garter belts, staggeringly high heels-isn't that why God gave femdoms sissies and slaves? I really prefer that they do all the suffering. Which is why I don't think high heels should be worn by Mistresses-unless the Mistress is a masochist.

Of course, a prodomme has few options. Her livelihood depends on fuelling and fulfilling submissives' fantasies. Painfully high heels, starched lace, and tight corsets are intrinsic to their glamorous profile and have become the prodomme's universal uniform. A non-pro like me, though, never considers dressing up to please submissives. When we dress to draw maximum attention to our seductive powers, we do so because it pleases US to look that way. When I don the uniform, it is to make a loud and distinct statement about my sexual desires. It is not a statement I need to make every minute of my life.

I respect those femdoms who themselves fetishize and adore high heels and corsets. Perhaps for them the clothing enhances their sense of personal power; perhaps it just gets them wet. What I can't respect is the femdom who wears the uniform because someone else expects her to wear it. To me, any woman who attempts to fit another person's mould-and particularly a male person's mould-is revealing that she has no real power of her own but is relying on the accoutrements to make her appear powerful. Femdoms don't need the high heels or the corsets. The traditional femdom fashions are lovely toys, provocative aesthetic ornaments, but the greatest power comes from being that you are. The only dress a dominatrix really needs is her attitude. The only under garment, her self-esteem. The only jewels, her dignity and intelligence. As for shoes-I recommend motorcycle boots. You can really kick ass in those.

©Bio: Gloria G. Brame, PhD, is a licensed clinical sexologist, author of DIFFERENT LOVING, COME HITHER and other books, and an unrepentant pervert. Her website, gloriabrame.com, offers vast free resources for all kinky people on the Net.





THE BONDAGE CD

The Schlagzeilen team have come up with an excellent "how to" bondage CD. What I find excellent is the step-by-step pictures showing you every step to the complicated bondage scenes. What I have hard to imagine is that an erotic scene may be set out with a submissive, the rope master and a computor? I don't see myself clicking with my mouse while I'm doing some great bondage... but a magazine.. or a book like the "seductive art of Japanese Bondage by Midori".. yes...but this CD is so good that I asked Matthias if I could reproduce the introduction together with some pictures... just to give you a taste...mmmm... now get the CD...ok?

Jürgen Boedt

Welcome to the Bondage Project, a joint production of Red Rope and Schlagzeilen. We want to invite you to our course on doing rope bondage the right way. Twenty techniques are illustrated with step-by-step photography, allowing you to see for yourself how each technique is accomplished. Have fun both browsing and reproducing the bondage techniques you find on this disk. Thank you for choosing this product.

I. Introduction

What is bondage? "Bondage" is an umbrella term for physical restraint of all kinds, including handcuffs, leather cuffs, straightjackets, or our focus here, rope. Regardless of the restraint medium, the practice of bondage includes an active participant, who does the tying or fastening, and a passive or receiving one, who is tied or fastened.

Bondage has myriad aspects and it is not unusual for participants to prefer one variation to another. For many the primary attraction is the feeling of being "held" in a protective cocoon of rope where they are snug and safe and within which the accustomed laws of gravity seem not to apply. Others enjoy the restrictions that bondage places on their freedom and mobility-restrictions that leave them helpless, accessible and at the mercy of their partners. Some people like the implacability of the ropes as they squirm and struggle to get free of them. Then again, some like it when their bodies are forced into unaccustomed positions, e.g. when breasts are bound and made to jut forward, or waists constricted into a wasp shape. Still others try bondage as an experiment in physical intensity or as a kind of bodily ornamentation. It can also be fascinating to see the more sophisticated forms of bondage as a meditative or artistic process. For the active partner, control also often plays a role, along with the opportunity to play with a defenseless "victim" and corresponding responsibility to care for the partner who is tied up. For both participants the inducements to bind and be bound can be complex and multifaceted—or they can be as simple as saying that bondage is a turn-on or a kick. And, of course, we shouldn't forget to mention that the best and most elemental reason people get into bondage is, and has always been, love.





II. Bondage With What?

The type of hemp rope used in the photographs on this CD is available through nautical supply outlets. Rope made from plaited cotton is both more comfortable on the skin and easier to work with. Soft nylon rope can also be used for the techniques illustrated herein. The thickness of rope used for bondage should be between 6 and 8mm, thinner





has a tendency to cut into the skin, thicker is too hard to work with. In the photos that follow we use ten lengths of eight-millimeter rope, each one eight meters in length. Especially in the photo illustrations for Japanese bondage, we use rope made from hemp. It is not, however, raw hemp straight from the docks, but rather hemp that has been boiled, waxed and worked to make it has soft as possible. Here is a relevant quote from Japanbondage.de: "The fine scent of processed, waxed hemp, the sound it makes when it slides over the skin, the marks it leaves behind on human skin, the forms it can force the body to assume, all of this and more creates a fascination that those of us who practice bondage never loose sight of.

III. Comments



The bondage techniques shown on this CD rely heavily on the centuries old Japanese tradition of rope bondage ("Shibari") but without slavishly following the traditional forms. The techniques demonstrated herein merge into one another, many of the latter forms making reference to ones shown earlier.

IV. Checklist for a Successful **Bondage Experience:**

Every bondage session should begin with negotiation (safe words, preferences, safer sex, limits).

Possible medical problems must be identified (poor circulation, high blood pressure, reduced range of motion). It is the responsibility of both participants not to conceal anything of this sort. So, for example, an active partner (the one doing the binding) with a high blood pressure condition might be subject to fainting in a moment of high excitement and thereby be unable to release his "victim" through his own efforts.

Safe bondage is not possible while taking drugs (including alcohol) or strong medications in that the use of such impedes reactivity, sensitivity, and appropriate inhibition. This pertains to all participants.

The materials to be used in the planned bondage session



should be assembled and inspected beforehand.

All of the tools necessary to quickly free the bound person must always be kept close at hand (scissors, handcuff

Roles and setting should be clear to all involved, i.e. role playing with top and bottom (e.g. captive, prisoner, guard), props, fantasies or power exchange.

The purpose of the bondage should be identified: punishment, restriction of movement, fetish, or an exercise in contortion.

Before the session beginnings, it should be established if everything about the situation is suitable. Do both participants have enough time? Is the room temperature appropriate? Have possible interruptions been planned for? Are the participants in agreement that the mood is such that the passive partner can let go and trust the active

Interruptions should, as far as possible, be eliminated.



Turn the phone off, shut the door, close the curtains, and make sure that children and pets are accounted for and appropriately looked after.

One should only attempt bondage techniques that fall within the skill level and experience of both partners. Active partners who are overly ambitious do not inspire trust and overly ambitious passive partners cannot really relax and abandon themselves to the experience.

Pressure on sensitive body parts (throat, tendons, major arteries) must be avoided.

During a bondage session constant communication between the active and the passive partner is critical. Both active and passive participant should communicate their feelings and dispositions during a bondage session. This means it is not only the passive partner who should share about his or her feelings but also the active partner should take care to clarify how things are going for her or him.

The active partner has the duty to regularly inspect the condition of the passive participant, checking to see if thing



are going well, if he or she wants to continues and if there are any physical or emotional problems.

It should be obvious that the bondage session should be immediately terminated at the first sign of physical or bodily difficulty.

Make sure there is enough time after an intensive bondage session to make the transition back to more mundane activities and set a time for the partners to talk about the experience. What brings pleasure and joy to BOTH participants is not prohibited.

(This list was originally compiled in Das Bondage-Handbuch, Matthias T. J. Grimme, Hamburg: Charon Verlag, 1999.)

V. Background Reading

With bondage there is always a certain risk of injury. Hence, we recommended as a general introduction to the topic Das Bondage-Handbuck by Mathias T. J. Grimme (Charon Verlag) or Bondage - Austieg aus der Selbstkontrolle by Tom Skript (Männerschwarm Skript). In these books you will find general information about bondage, safety issues and an introduction to various techniques. Also included are a glossary and a list of shops where you can purchase bondage equipment. The bondage techniques included on this CD are intended as supplemental material for beginners and intermediates. The step-by-step photography allows you to follow along easily and though suspension bondage is not for beginners, with patience and practice (on both sides) this CD provides instructions for making a safe beginning with such techniques. Further questions about bondage and for a schedule of upcoming seminars and performances write to: Charon Verlag, PO.Box 304199, Hamburg 20324 Germany.

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Fakir Musafar



"Spirit & Flesh"

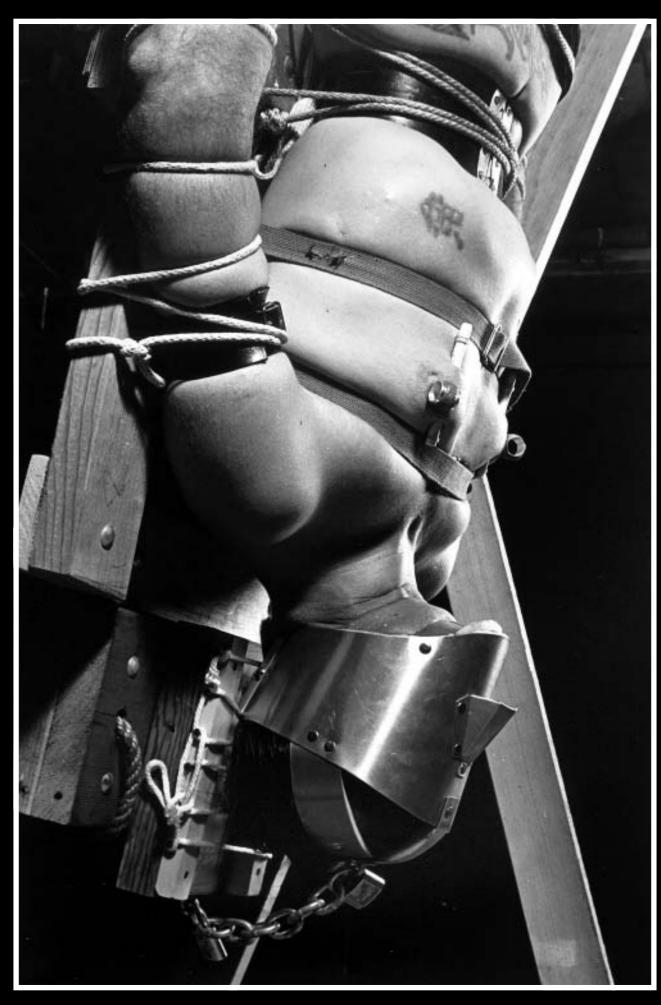
Your body is yours. Do with it what you want Pierce it, modify it, play with it...these words could easily have been said by Fakir Musafar because he has dedicated his life to the discovery of his innersoul by playing with his body. One of the ultime pioneers of the "modern Primitives" movement, he now has a beautiful hardcover book;

Spirit & Flesh. If there is one book that you should buy this year, this is the one.

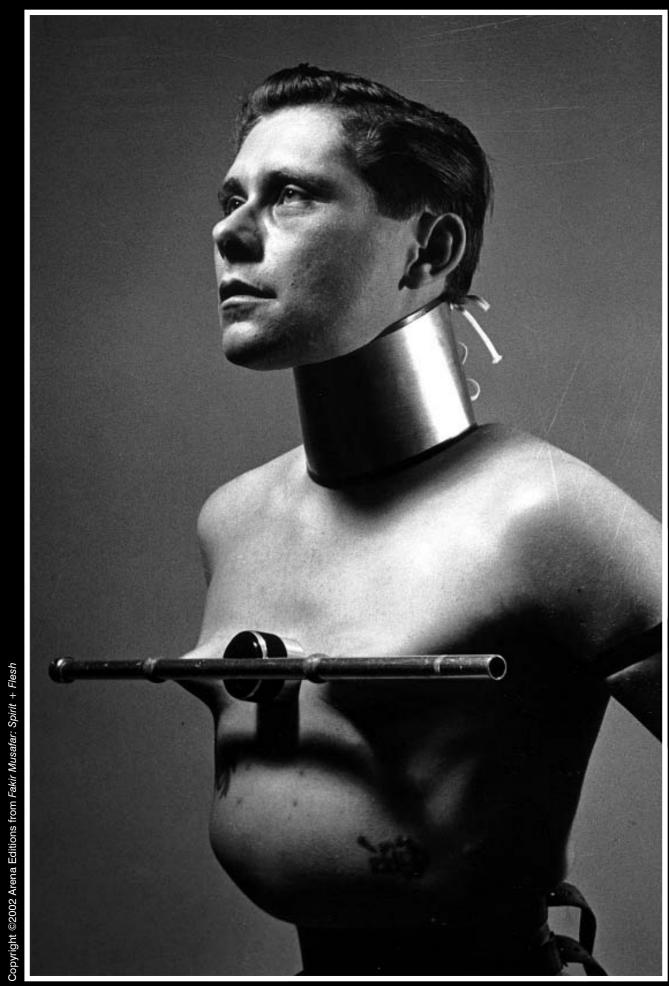
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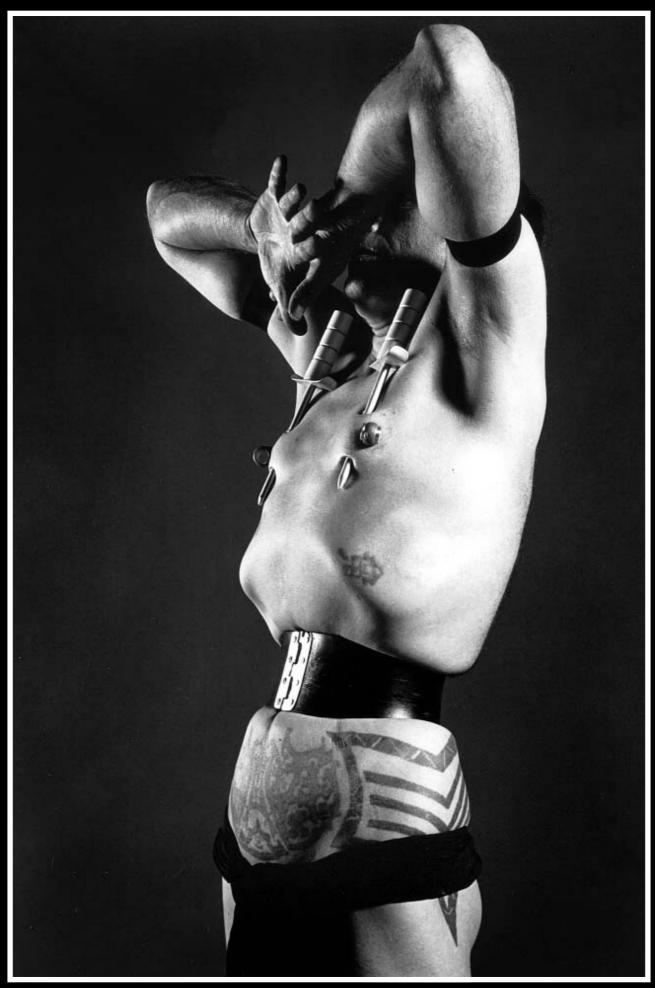


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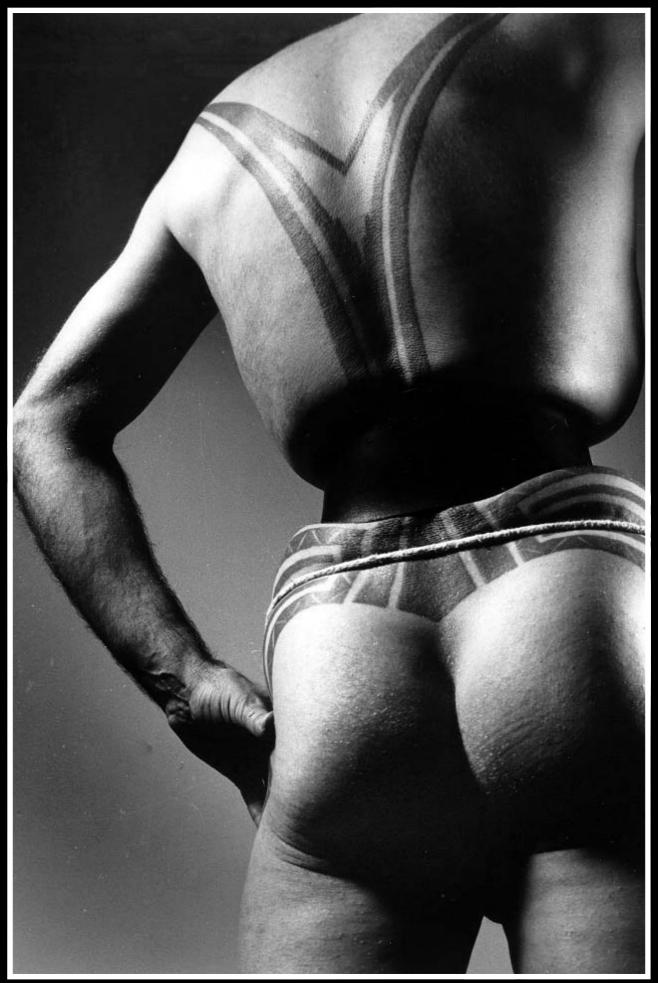


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During his years of discovery he has met the most interesting people on this planet and has been so lucide to document all his experiences on film. This was part of his genious, because by doing that, his statement could be shown around the world and now these documents have become real "art masterpieces". One of the major artgallery's, FAHEY- KLEIN Gallery, has given an exeptional exposition of his art for the whole world to see. By doing so, the art of body modification has set foot in the museums and will be part of the futur to come.

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INTERVIEW MADAME SANG

Madame Sang, with Master R, runs La Domaine Esemar, one of the few traditional S/m training chateaux in the world. Located in a small village in upstate NY, they have built a reputation for extraordinary S/m that brings people to them from around the globe. Madame Sang and Master R specialize in working with couples. They also train Mistresses, Masters and slaves, host special events, and couples parties. Above all else, they pride themselves on helping people explore fetishes that few others will explore. From the simplest S/m, to training some of the finest Professional Dominas in the scene today, Madame Sang has an underground reputation that is unsurpassed. Only a petite five feet tall, Madame has been called the sumo wrestler of Domination. The legendary Belle de Jour has said, "I know of no finer S/m being practiced today than that being done by Madame Sang and Master R of La Domaine Esemar." Despite requests from media ranging from The N.Y. Times to HBO Real Sex, this is the only interview Madame Sang has ever granted. It was conducted for Secret Magazine by Abby Ehmann, former editor of Porn Free and Extreme Fetish magazines. (www.editrixabby.com) Thank you Madame!



Secret: Madame, may we begin with some of the basics? Would you tell us a bit about what brought you to where you are today?

M.S. As a young and sexually active teenager, I didn't know what S/m was, or even of its existence. However, at that time, I was sticking un-sterilized sewing needles into the person with whom I was very involved. We had started playing bondage games and the play rapidly became very intense. When I was 18, while hiking in the Catskill Mountains, I met this very odd couple. It was Master R and his slave. I struck up a friendship with them. I did not throw myself into the process, but they did gradually introduce me to the world of kink, and clarify what I had been intuitively involved in with my partner. When I decided that I wanted to formally train at the age of 21, I trained with a Professional Domina who had been trained by Master R. I advanced from neophyte to a very experienced player in a short period of time.

Secret:: You now have a reputation that brings people to you with some very unique fetishes. How do you personally deal with the wide range of perversia you are asked to explore?

M.S. We are fond of saying that the people you encounter when you visit Esemar are pansexual. By that I mean: at Esemar, we have gone way past gender issues. We have been asked to do so many other fetishes that we have had to find another approach. What we do is practice what we are now calling resonance. When we are asked to do something out of the ordinary, let's say a schwanandreher

or a leaching, we go inside our own sexuality and find a place where the interested party's sexual need resonates with us. For me, if I cannot find that area of resonance, I will not go there. However, so far, those inquiries have been very few and far between.

Secret: You just mentioned a schwanandreher. Would you explain that term and tell us a bit about what you did?

MS: The term Schwanandreher is from the mid-German, meaning the person who turns the swan on the spit. In this instance, one of the most serious sadists we know, The Baroness (The Latex Fashion Designer), had a slave



Photo by I.

she wanted to try roasting. Of course, knowing how carefully and competently we approach the unusual and difficult requests, she contacted us. We spent weeks and thousands of dollars preparing. Master R went so far as to call the Screen Actors Guild to locate stuntmen to learn how they would do "a controlled burn." When the day arrived, The Baroness brought her extremely excited slave, who, no kidding, was named elvis . We actually got to barbeque elvis! It was a stunning autumn day and we had a tremendous time. All who attended were quite taken aback by the primitivistic level of sexuality that we discovered that day. I still can see naked slaves turning elvis on the spit as sexual play broke out everywhere in

the yard. It became quite clear why this fetish was named for the person doing the turning, rather than the person on the spit! Now, since we have the technology (the custom designed spit) and the knowledge, we are just waiting for a request to do it again. (Ed note. Madame Sang had a particularly wicked glint in her eye when saying this last sentence.)

Secret: That certainly sounds exciting and intense. What about the leeching you mentioned? Did you actually leech a slave?

MS: Three times. Then I said "enough". Once I said that, the slave moved on to spiders and crawfish. The leeching again called for research. I read up on all sorts of leeches, how they feed, how their chemical mechanisms work - they actually inject an anesthetic into their victim - the types of leeches found around the world, all sorts of creepy crawly new knowledge. This is when we found our sexual resonance concept. It was quite amazing to see Master R fill his hands with leeches, cup the slave's

genitals and watch him explode in orgasm as the leeches began their feeding frenzy. Like the schwanandreher, it was fascinating to find out that we could not only do an act of this nature, but that it was possible to find an intense eroticism to share with the slaves.

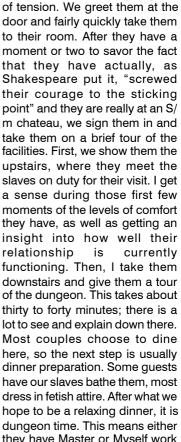
Secret: Well, thanks for sharing that! On a slightly less intense level, could you tell us a bit about your work with couples?

MS: Actually, I have found working with couples to be the most energy consuming part of what we do at La **Domaine**. We have couples come here for training who have the widest possible interest in perversia, from delicate beginners, to the world's most sophisticated players. We do get couples where both are intensely involved in this sexuality, however, we get a considerable number of couples where only one person has these tendencies, and their mate is struggling to understand their partner's needs. We spend enormous amount of energy counseling and advising and guiding people through some of the most crucial decisions they will make in their lives. We have had people come here because their marriages were falling apart, because of the difficulties created when one

partner did not understand the other's needs. Hopefully, by the time the have spent a day or two at Esemar, they realize the "normalcy" of what they are involved in, and leave with insight and even a touch of competence when it comes to continuing their growth and explorations. Many of the couples become a permanent part of the Esemar family, returning again and again over the years.

Secret: What are some of the practical parts of the couples training? Besides the counseling, what do you actually do during a visit?

MS: Visits usually start in the late afternoon. The guests arrive, in various states of arousal, with varying degrees



to their room. After they have a moment or two to savor the fact that they have actually, as Shakespeare put it, "screwed their courage to the sticking point" and they are really at an S/ m chateau, we sign them in and take them on a brief tour of the facilities. First, we show them the upstairs, where they meet the slaves on duty for their visit. I get a sense during those first few moments of the levels of comfort they have, as well as getting an insight into how well their relationship currently functioning. Then, I take them downstairs and give them a tour of the dungeon. This takes about thirty to forty minutes; there is a lot to see and explain down there. Most couples choose to dine here, so the next step is usually dinner preparation. Some guests have our slaves bathe them, most dress in fetish attire. After what we hope to be a relaxing dinner, it is dungeon time. This means either they have Master or Myself work

with them in the dungeon on specific skills and training, or they play privately. Most couples do ask for some training and guidance. We often hear the guests come upstairs in the wee hours of the morning, after hours of play. To our ears, that is the best sound, particularly when we know that only hours before they arrived here, one of the partners had a great resistance to the other's sexuality. I love knowing that I have brought them closer together in such an important area of their relationship. Usually, breakfast is early..for as tired as they look when they come upstairs, the adrenalin makes for an early wake up call. The morning often brings the most intense questioning. Check out is usually about noon. I have seen many people leave here deeply changed.

Secret: Do you also accommodate individual visitors? MS: Yes, we do. These are usually male clientele who come in for very serious training. I see a lot of men who have long held a fantasy about being at an S/m chateau, serving a beautiful Madame's whims. I also see a lot of serious masochists who have heard about my lust for sadism.

Secret: Can you tell us a bit about your facility?



MS: La Domaine is a small house on a beautiful country road. We only accommodate one couple or individual at a time, so that we can give our guests the attention they deserve. It is not a fancy dwelling, rather a relaxed environment; a simple, charming country house. We can be on either formal or informal mode when people visit. The upstairs has very little to reveal the nature of what occurs here. The dungeon occupies the entire basement, has five and a half chambers and an enormous amount of playthings. The guestroom is lovely. It has a four-poster bed (of course), thick carpeting, an assortment of toys on the walls, a hydraulic massage table, all original American fine art, and an extensive library of erotica. Then there is

Master R's kitchen. Master is quite a chef. We also keep a small, but spectacular, Bordeaux list to accompany his creations. In addition, we have a large sheltered yard with large toys and a mountainside for outdoor play.

Secret: I know that your reputation as a superb Domina has spread throughout the world. Do you have a longdistance record for a visitor to have traveled to see you?

MS: Our distance record holder belongs to a dear man who came to us from Pago Pago, Samoa. He had wanted to find a place like Esemar for his entire life. When we told him he had the distance record, he said, "And I will keep it. If you go any further, you will be getting closer."

Secret: How about European clientele? Do they visit?

MS: Oh yes, they come from England, France, Germany, all over Europe. We also draw clients in from Canada and South America. We are often told how

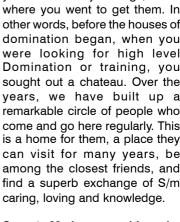
much they appreciate the seriousness and respect with which we approach their sexuality, and that they find we have a very different level of involvement than what they have found in their native lands. To me, this makes sense. We are not a house of domination, rather a place that people come to from around the world to feel like they have found a home base, a place they know they can come for many visits and for many years, to continue their explorations and growth. That has always been the function of an S/m chateau.

Secret: Can you go into that a bit more, the difference between a house of domination and a traditional training chateau? In addition, would you say a few words about the new movement for Bed and Dungeons that are currently starting up.

MS: Let me use the B&D as a starting point in answering that. When we started out eight years ago, Master R. actually coined the term Bed and Dungeon. At that point, it was a good description of what we were doing. Basically we were a Bed and Breakfast, only instead of a swimming pool and tennis courts, we offered a room with no view. However, Master had been trained as a teenager in one of

the S/m chateaux that existed in the US in the 1960's. His dream was to create a place where all the skills and services he had encountered as a youth were once again available. That meant gradually training our own submissives, and our own Dominants. It meant developing our own training methods and ideology, creating a standard that would be instantly recognizable, training Dominants and slaves so unique that a knowing person could look at our slaves and tell from a glance that they were trained here. There are practical differences between houses, B&D's and chateaux as well. For example; before Fakir and the modern primitive movement, about the only place one could find a piercer was at an S/m chateau. If

> you had earned your rings, that is where you went to get them. In other words, before the houses of domination began, when you were looking for high level Domination or training, you sought out a chateau. Over the years, we have built up a remarkable circle of people who come and go here regularly. This is a home for them, a place they can visit for many years, be among the closest friends, and find a superb exchange of S/m

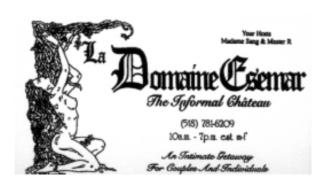


Secret: Madame, would you be so kind as to tell us some of your favorite areas of sexual exploration?

MS: I find it most exhilarating when people bring their unique fetishes to me. In addition to those individual, and therefore, often most challenging fetishes, I enjoy a wide range of S/m and D/s. I greatly enjoy transforming a polite submissive into a well-trained, perfect slave. I love Sakura and experimental bondage. Boot worship, discipline, and rubber

are high on the list. A serious masochist who is willing to give rather than to just take is always appreciated. Medical play, particularly heavy medical play, is a favorite. I especially enjoy using my Joe Wheeler, 16 plait, 8 foot, black snake single-tail whip on slaves, outside in the warm summer sun, then splashing them down with a jet-spray of cold water from the garden hose. When I want to feel especially pampered, I enjoy the sexy cross-dresser who provides skilled domestic servitude.

S: Thank you for sharing these thoughts with Secret.







MY INFLAMED NIPPLES BY MAXI PEACH

My rubber clad arse and tits stuck and pulled against others as I tried to make my way across the crowded dungeon. I was looking for some action happening to a woman, there were too many men getting the attention for my liking. I much prefer to watch submissive women receiving treatment, so I can imagine it happening to me. On the left side of the dungeon I noticed a woman with

her arms stretched above her, there were a few people standing, watching, I could only catch glimpses of her face, there seemed to be two or three people playing with her. I inched my way forward and watched from a distance. The woman's hands were tied with rope over a scaffolding bar. The rope wound round her waist and between her legs. As her arms were stretched up, the rope cut deep into her naked slit.

I enjoyed watching her try to stand on her toes to loosen the coarse rope that must have been painfully grazing the soft, wet skin between her lips. I liked the way the woman's tits were individually bound by rope, making them round and tight, like they might burst; her nipples were hard and prominent, very vulnerable. I had to get closer, I needed to see the player's faces more clearly, and through the crowd it was hard to make out exactly what they were doing to her.

I managed to stand with no

one between me and the players, and took a long, hard look at the woman's body. Her shaved labia were forced apart by the rope, which was cutting in deeply between her buttocks; I imagined that if she reacted too much to the pain inflicted on her, she'd lose her footing, which would cause her weight to be taken by the cutting rope.

It looked to me as if they'd been playing for a while. Now, close up, I could see the red streaks across the whole of the woman's body, her nipples were criss-crossed with thin red lashes; she was sweating and breathing heavily. I stood and stared at her, totally lost in imagining what level of pain she may have endured, how she might have

reacted to the sting of the whip or cane across her nipples, and how hard was it for her to remain still enough to keep her weight on her feet, all these thoughts and more were making my cunt swell and throb. I stood there for a while staring at her, then slipped my middle finger inside my rubber shorts, and gently stroked my hard clitoris.

"Looks like there's someone over there who'd like to join in."

"So you like the effect we've had on our slave. Would you like to be treated in the same way?"

"I think, if she does, we should expect her to endure the same treatment, and maybe go even further, do you agree?"

"She didn't watch the whole session; perhaps we should let her examine our slave more closely."

"No, I think if she wants to play she's got to trust us, and if our slave endured it so can she." I loved the thought of knowing that another woman had been through the same treatment, and that I'd have to take it all too, and maybe more. I eagerly gave them my full consent.

My arms were held up over my head while my rubber top was removed, it dragged slowly over my nipples, pinching and rolling them between the tight, stretchy folds. My rubber shorts were roughly pulled down trapping

public hairs, ripping some out. While I stepped out of my shorts, a length of rope was passed between my legs, and as my legs were pushed apart, fingers stretched my lips open, so that the rope could be embedded. They pulled the rope forwards and backwards, to make it tight, pulling my arms up until I could only just put my weight on my feet. Both my tits were bound round with separate lengths of rope, making them bulge forwards, my nipples were quite flat and round at first, this, apparently, was not the desired shape, so without warning a thin cane slashed down catching first my left nipple then the right. The sudden sting puckered my nipples into hard points. I swung myself away from the cane, reacting to the sudden





pain, and my weight was taken from my feet, forcing me to experience the full sensation of the rope cutting into my naked skin. I desperately shifted my feet, and realized I was going to need to react far less in order endure all their treatment and match their slave.

I was shown a whip with several leather strands that looked hard and round. They asked onlookers where they'd like to see me whipped, and then they invited them to touch the area, which heightened my sense of expectation. Finally a hand indicated my tits, and stroked my left nipple. By now, I'd already enjoyed this whip stinging the inside of my thighs, the tips felt like they were cutting into my skin, I could see the red streaks they'd made across the front of my legs, now I was going to feel them do this to my nipples. The whip was swung round in a circular motion, with the tips just missing my vulnerable points; I could feel the draught from the slashing strands. The whip was gradually moved closer until eventually the tips were slashing down across the tip of my left nipple. I watched it swell and redden, to at least five swipes.

"How many of these did our slave receive?"

"Ten on each nipple, twice over, maybe she could manage

Knowing what I had coming inflamed my imagination with a mixture of fear and excitement. I closed my eyes and visualized the slash of the whip as it cut into the bulging tip of my nipple: I remained still, felt every strand, and imagined the thin red streaks appearing across me just like I'd seen on their slave. They seemed impressed by my resistance to flinching.

"Leave the other nipple till later, I'd like to torture this one

more, it's so hard and erect, it would be a shame not to apply a clamp."

They showed me the clamps, I'd seen these ones before, they were sprung and adjustable, and rather than wear them with their rubber ends attached, it was decided that their bare metal teeth should be uncovered. I was told to watch closely as the clamp was unscrewed, at the same time the sharpness of the teeth was described to me. They placed it wide open across my left nipple. As it was tightened I felt the pressure of the individual teeth as they began to jab into the sides of my pinched tip. I remained absolutely still, despite the searing, burning pain that was building up, and stared, unblinkingly into the eyes of the man tightening the screw. Eventually, he let go of the clamp, and let its weight stretch my nipple down. As I adjusted to the pain, I realized all my muscles were tense and ridged, and my breathing was short and shallow. I consciously relaxed, and breathed more slowly and deeply which made the now dull, but intense ache in my nipple inflame my already raging cunt. Each time I breathed out, it was like I was pushing the sensations down, embedding them into me, along with the cutting rope. They stood back for a while to allow several onlookers a closer look, and then indicated that the same treatment would be administered to my other nipple. A tingle of fear and adrenalin ran through me, this time I knew exactly what I had to go through; the expectation seemed to heighten my awareness of the sensations.

Both nipples were now pulled down by the weight of the clamps. I looked down and examined them, along with a few fascinated voyeurs. My round tips were prominent and squeezed out by the metal teeth, which could hardly be



seen as they were so deeply embedded in my skin. Everyone was told to stand back. The rope stretching me up was cut; they parted my feet and slowly peeled it from my slit. My soft, wet skin, burned as it gradually came unstuck from the coarse rope. I was told to keep my arms up and hands together. They parted my legs further, my cunt felt so open after being split by the rope; I could feel my juices dripping out, and down my legs. Everyone could see this. I stared into several pairs of eyes as I dwelt on my exposure and vulnerability. After what seemed like an achingly long time, they tightened the nipple clamps; at the same time they described graphically to me how I was to be restrained by my nipples in order to receive a

whipping. Without allowing me time to adjust to the new tightness of the clamps, they set about attaching long, heavy chains. They tested to see if the clamps were tight enough, by making my nipples take the full weight of the chains. I instinctively lowered my arms and tried to touch my raging tits, but hands grabbed my arms and held them up. They then threaded a round, wooden pole between the back of my neck and shoulders and tied my wrists to each end. This had the effect of keeping my back straight and thrusting my tits forward. They gave me time to get my balance, and enjoy my new position. Then two of the men took hold of the ends of the chains, and while they stared into my resolutely unflinching eyes, carefully passed them over the scaffolding bar. But as weights were attached to the ends of the chains, and my whole tits were stretched up, I couldn't help but try to close my legs, and stand taller, to release the ripping pain in my nipples. They took hold of the weights again and explained to me how

I must take these weights, and that my feet need to be far apart, and that I must try to hold this position myself. They parted my legs again, and I'm helped to balance by two people holding the pole on either side of me. Then they slowly let go of the weights, I watched and felt as my tits were drawn up.

This time I didn't move. I was shown the whip and cane which they intended to use. My wet, open cunt twitched as fear and excitement gushed through me. I remembered the swiping slash of the thin, quivering cane, and the sharp sting from the tips of the stranded whip. They told me I was too feel them both on every part of my body. It was gentle at first, across my back and buttocks, and up and down the fronts and backs of my legs, I was starting to ache for more, I wanted to feel a sharper sting, I wanted it on my tits and cunt. The whipping started to get harder on my buttocks, with the tips stinging the same piece of skin, again and again. Then exactly on that burning spot

three slashes of the cane. I breathed deeply, absorbed the sting, and let the sensations inflame my aching cunt, but resolved not to move, and stared into my torturers eyes as she moved round to my front. She looked at my inflamed nipples, and with the tip of the cane scratched my squeezed points, then tightened the clamps. While my nipples were still reacting to this sudden attention, she started whipping my tits, so that the tips of the whip slashed onto my prominent, sensitive tips, she stared into my eyes as she did this, I refused to show any response. The pain gradually intensified as she whipped each tit five times on the same raw spot. By now my eyes were tightly shut, I was concentrating on taking whatever she did to me

without moving. So I didn't see when she swapped the whip for the cane, but felt the sudden searing pain as she swiped the stretched underside of each nipple three times, with its thin quivering tip. I was held up on either side by the pole as my legs buckled under me, not supported enough though to stop the weights stretching my bruised nipples even further. Once balanced, and my legs widely spread again, I was able to enjoy the ebbing pain, and was desperate to feel it on my aching cunt. I could imagine the tips of the whip flicking my bare clit, and cutting into the wet folds between my lips. As these thoughts raced through my mind. I felt hands on my buttocks, stretching me apart. Then came the gentle flicking of the whip, first administered from my front, so the strands slashed onto my exposed anus, then from behind, flicking my hard clitoris. This time the intensity was built up very slowly, until the whip almost

felt like it was massaging my whole crack. I was stinging, burning and throbbing so hard it was difficult to tell when or where I was being whipped, until I received three swipes of the cane right on my stretched open anus, then before I could respond, fingers were holding my lips apart, and I felt the cutting slice of the cane right along the length of my slit, the second slash caught the tip of my clitoris, I pushed myself forward towards the last one, and it too stung it's target, I was supported on either side, as my hips jerked forward, and my torturers along with the attentive onlookers watched as I spasmed into orgasm.

Maxi Peach



All pictures

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Jeff Pittarelli





This was the third painting in my "Fetish Angels" series of works. The Bondage Angel with kanji symbols measured 20" x 30" acrylic and pencil on board.



A preliminary sketch of cyber model "Shayla Slevens". This is to be another in my Fetish Angels series with Shayla being the Warrior Angel. 12" x 18 " acrylic and pencil on paper. http://shaylastevens.com



The ever beautiful Traci Lords in one of my many felish paintings of her. Working on a 12 painting project with her writing poems for each artwork. 20" x 30" acrylic and pencil on board. http://tracilords.com

Jeff Pittarelli



One of my first fetish paintings I call "Julies Nightmare" fashioned after the female lead in the cult film "Return of the Living Dead 3". The painting measured 48" x 60" on canvas, acrylic and pencil. Julie won best Black/
White at both the World Fantasy Fair 1994 and the World Horror Con 1995.



"Julie 2" was painted 1 year later and 1 have since created about 3 more artworks of the sexy zombie. 20" x 30" acrylic an apencil on board



Preliminary sketch of Bondage model "Stacy Burke" or commonly known as the Bondage a Go-Go girl in my "Fetish Angels" series. 14" x 17" acrylic and pencil on paper. http://stacyburke.com and http://bondagechick.com



http://www.pittarelli.com

CODES OF BEHAMOUR

BY TREVOR JACQUES

In any social interaction, there are codes of behaviour. They range from polite respect at English high tea to the formalised ritual of the Japanese tea ceremony; from black tie state functions to spending the weekend at your friend's cottage; from dealing with the family at Christmas to putting on your leathers and going out to the bars; etc.. In SM play, the codes of behaviour that govern one's conduct before, during, and after play amount to little more than common courtesy They start with the initial contact, continue through the negotiation, and, with luck, they help take all parties to the play that follows. This interaction is where trust is built. Total honesty and respect for your partner is very important at all times.

SM, by its very nature, entails many potential risks, physical as well as psychological, that are very real, and in some cases, potentially lethal. As stressed in all sections of this book, safety must be of prime consideration. Since unethical behaviour may result in your being hurt (physically as well as emotionally), it follows that ethical behaviour is also a basic necessity.

There are many aspects to SM: technique, power exchange, playfulness, thought, analysis, preparation, and, of course, lots of practice. It can also involve spirituality. In each aspect, we all have differing levels of skill and confidence. If someone is not careful, or doesn't care, he/she could easily bruise your ego or hurt your feelings with a misplaced word or two.

The Top must first be honest with herself. To do so, he/she must be aware of ego, and must try to recognise and accept the skills and limits of all the players. It must not be thought that, because the Top is skilled in one area, that he/she is an expert at everything. Likewise, the Bottom must be honest about his/her expectations and limits, and be clear about the responses given to the Top. The Bottom is, after all, responsible for giving many of the cues, which will modify or stop the SM play.

Beginners often have outrageous fantasies that can cloud their perception of what can realistically be accomplished. We've covered some of this subject in the section on Other Implications of Reality. A fantasy is one thing, but you can't cut parts of yourself off during play and expect them to be there as usual the next morning. You can't hang yourself and expect to go to work the next day. Nor can you play unsafely and expect to have no risk to your health. If the play is something that your partner(s) don't want to do, or can't do, then it's not possible this time. The only fantasies that can be played out are ones that are not going to injure you, mentally or physically. Often, this means modifying the fantasy to fit reality. It doesn't mean that the Bottom has to think it's less than the entire fantasy. The scene simply has to be done safely, but in a way that the Bottom thinks the fantasy is being played out.

Negotiation is an area where honesty plays an important part. As a Top, one must double-check interests before proceeding and always be on the alert for genuine requests to stop. As a Bottom, if one has medical or other problems that might affect the scene, you must make the Top aware of these before play starts.

During the negotiations, each partner must communicate to the other his/her preferred style of play. If you have a verbally motivated Top with a non-verbal Bottom, you need to work out ways to give and receive the signals necessary for a successful scene. Without a willing and knowing partner, all the power and control count for nothing. Each of you needs the other.

The Bottom *influences* the scene; its direction, pace, and intensity. The *Top controls* the scene within the limits agreed during negotiation. The Top has licence, within the agreed parameters of the scene, to improvise, expand the limits of the Bottom, provide variations, be creative, and get his/her own satisfaction, too.

The Top should try to be aware of hidden agendas. Maybe what is requested is different from what is wanted or needed. The Bottom may ask for more or less than can be handled. Maybe the Bottom is trying to get some form of punishment for an unrelated transgression a long while ago. There may be forces outside the scene driving the Bottom's requests. A good Top will not allow these to drive a scene, because it can sabotage the play.

The only fantasies that can be played out are ones that are not going to injure you, mentally or physically.

Another form of hidden agenda lies in advertisements. Between the lines of advertisements, you can often make out either lies or gross misrepresentations of reality. The copy says "27," but the person is 47. 'Heavy, experienced Bottom," may actually be an advertisement by a novice trying to attract someone truly into SM, rather than someone who just likes to put on a pair of handcuffs. Once you get to the playroom, the reality may make him/her run away as fast as his/her heels can take him/her. These distortions of reality in advertisements occur quite regularly. Both Tops and Bottoms should be aware of them and take sufficient care to ensure that the advertiser really is 'as advertised."

A Top must be sensitive to the needs the Bottom. If the Bottom has given the Top a list of likes and dislikes, but, during the scene, the level of the Bottom's arousal, the sounds or movements of the Bottom change to indicate a change in the flow of the scene, the Top must recognise this, and, where possible, go with the flow. This can be as simple as dealing with a "willing" Bottom, someone who is trying to please the Top and to explore the edges of his limits with the possibility of expanding them. The

The bottom influences the scene; its direction, pace, and intensity.
The Top controls the scene within the limits agreed during negotiation.

opposite is dealing with the "unwilling" Bottom. Here, the Top is doing what pleases him/her, and the Bottom is forced to accept it. We must emphasise, however, that there are still limits to what an unwilling Bottom should be made to do. As a Top, you must force only those who want to be forced, and you must make certain of your Bottom's major limitations before you begin, so that you do not exceed them.

SM play has another factor that needs to be discussed here. A Top can feel that a scene has failed because he has exhausted his/her "bag of tricks," and the Bottom didn't achieve orgasm. Conversely, the Bottom can feel that he/she has done everything possible, taken as much as he/she was able (maybe more), and the Top didn't achieve Orgasm. SM play does not have to be overtly sexual, although, at its least, it should represent a bond between the partners, based on power, respect, instruction, and learning. Both partners must be aware of the importance of sex in the scene for the other. Some Tops like to see and use a hard cock. Most Bottoms need the physical touch of or a verbal communication with their Top. In some scenes, actual sex between partners may not be desired, or it may be wanted at the end of the scene, completely out of the context of the scene.

Honesty

A theme that you will have noticed running through this book from the first page is that of honesty; honesty to yourself, honesty to others. It is one of the most important contributors to a great scene. If you accept the kind of play that turns you on, regardless of 'what others think," then you are ready to ask for it. If you were not honest to yourself, then you are likely to ask for something that is not the best thing to turn you on, and you'll end up asking yourself why all of your scenes don't seem satisfying. You lied to the person who probably means the most to you and who can best find what you want: yourself. Lies of commission, or lies of omission, they will all mess things up for you.

If someone told you he/she wanted a real thrashing with a flogger, when what was really wanted was an abrasion

scene, you're going to be disappointed by an aborted scene when the flogger gets too much for the Bottom; and the Bottom will end up wondering why it all hurt so much. It all seems so obvious, but we find people who are dishonest with themselves and by extension others, all the time

If you are a novice to a field of SM play, you will be able to take yourself and your partner on a wonderful journey as you explore the field and your limits. This applies to both Tops and Bottoms. A Bottom can teach a Top, even within the context of a scene. All it takes is an admission during negotiations that you want to explore this form of play and that you'd like to try it today.

Scene is Failing

When a scene starts to falter, it could just be because one of the players is not in the mood, or simply does not like this type of play. Whatever the reason, both Top and Bottom should try to be aware of whether a scene is working. If it is not, then, within the context of the scene, it is quite possible to change the direction of the scene. It is not a reflection on anyone's abilities, simply that today things are not working right. The recognition of a failing scene and doing something about it in time to redirect the play is really just another form of honesty: "This isn't working well (read: it's not fun for me anymore), let's try doing this instead, if that's OK with you." The words you use will probably be different, but the message is that you would like the scene to be a turn on for both of you.

Also, you may be having a great time, but you notice that your partner is not. This is just as good a reason to try to modify the scene, as mentioned above.

Bar Etiquette

Bar etiquette is something that is not exclusive to the SM scene; it bridges all groups of society. If someone comes up to you, says "Hi!" and mentions getting together, but you're not interested, a simple -Thanks, but no thanks." is the correct response under all circumstances. Don't waste his/her or your time giving meaningless answers like "Oh, sure we'll have to get together one of these days." There is nothing wrong with turning someone down (you probably won't be the first or the last). just do it politely and unambiguously.

At this point, we would ask that you at least be aware of your reasons for picking your partners. Do you base your choice on looks: must the Top always look like a Norse god(dess) in leather? Is age an important factor for you? Remember that, in SM, experience usually goes with the years of practice. Conversely, the older ones of us must realise that, in the nineties, some of the young players we see climbed into their first sling or participated in their first SM scene while still in their teens. By the time they reached their twenties, they had done as much experimenting as their much older counterparts, sometimes much more. If you expect too much, you may never get what you want. To use a phrase that may mean more to people in England that those in North America: People who put people on a pedestal rarely "knock them off.'

Bedroom Etiquette

Etiquette, etiquette. Just where *is* Miss Manners when you need her? With luck, she's on your shoulder giving you good advice. If you've just brought someone home, how are you going to feel if he/she uses your favourite toy or puts on your best leather without asking you? You'd probably feel somewhat resentful you were not asked first. Miss Manners would never let someone get away with that. She'd give a witty rebuke to say that he/she should have known better.

Etiquette and manners are simply a matter of putting yourself in the other person's place and asking "How would I feel if he/she did something like this?" It's no more and no less than a mark of respect for the person with whom you'd like to play. You really have no right to use someone else's property without permission. How you

It is up to us to promote high standards in SM play

ask for that permission will depend on the situation, but please do ask.

There is at least one safety-related reason for asking permission to use someone else's toys: the toy may be broken, but not obviously so. You could easily do some damage to the toy or your partner, if you didn't know about the problem beforehand.

Below, we have broken out playroom etiquette for the situations where there will be many players in the same play area, be it a club playroom, a special club event, or any other place with many players all doing their own thing. It's very similar to bedroom etiquette, but there are some significant differences.

Playroom Etiquette

Due to the space requirements for some of the equipment for our play (and due to the expense of some of it), organisations have sprung up with "playrooms.' The organisations sometimes have "runs" where many players will congregate for a weekend or even a week of play. Often, these playrooms and runs will be set up with five to ten or more pieces of equipment in the same room, tent, or basement. This has resulted in situations of many people playing in close proximity, with all the attendant problems. Individually, we may not be playing with more than one partner, but this form of play is definitely "group play," in the sense that others are present. We should accord them the courtesies we would like from them, such as relative quiet. Some scenes lend themselves well to public play, while others do not.

We also have to become used to the idea that we, and others, will be nude or semi-nude while we play and watch the play. In these circumstances, we still have to respect each other's right to privacy. For some of us, it will take time to become comfortable with the idea of being nude or playing in the presence of more people than our



partner(s). To help those new to playing in places where there are others and who feel this way about nudity or playing in "public," we must try to find ways to help them feel at ease with our presence and their bodies. Unfortunately, this sense of ease is not something that can be forced.

It is up to us to promote high standards in SM play, both by example and instruction. We should encourage others to do the same. We have included a set of guidelines to be followed by players in a group scene as Appendix B.

When you are watching someone else's scene and unless there is evidence to the contrary, give the Top the benefit of the doubt. Instruct, where necessary. And always give and show respect for the people you are playing with and around.

If you're not in your own playroom, it may be appropriate to ask for permission to use any of the equipment. Again, it's just a matter of simple common courtesy. It could also be a safety issue, should a piece of equipment be broken: you may not notice the problem and then have an accident due to the faulty equipment, whereas asking would have avoided the safety problem entirely and been considerate of the other person's feelings.

Order your copy of "On the Safe edge" by Trevor Jacques. Kink, Ink, Alternate Sources - P. O. Box 19591-501 - 55, Bloor Street West Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T9 - Telephone: (416) 962 1040 - Facsimile: (416) 962 1044 - E-mail: Editor@Alternate.com - URL: http://Alternate.com

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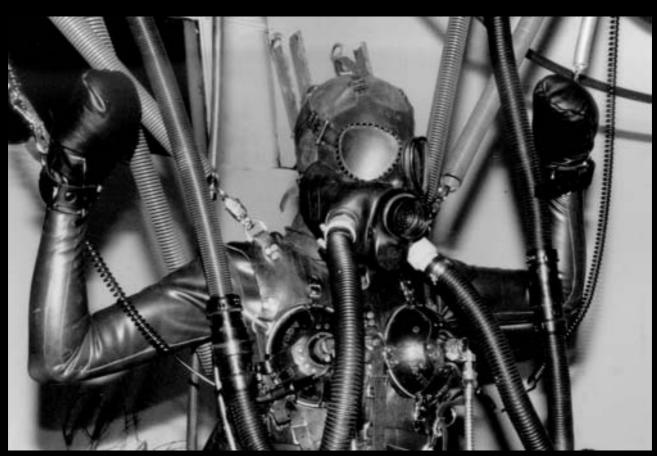










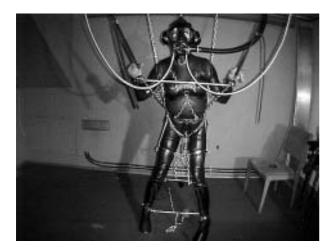






EXPERIMENT WITH - THE CREATURE

BY JG-LEATHERS



FOREWORD

I suppose we all want, in some way, at some points in our lives, to return to the warmth, protection, and isolation of the womb, and so for many of we denizens of the world of S&M/B&D, the rubber fetish and the resultant desire to enclose one's self within a layer, or multiple layers of rubber is a natural leap.

Those of us who pursue this diligently, desire that the enclosure we envision be not only of the body; but also of the head, face, hands, and feet; our primary sensory receptors. Perhaps a gas or SCUBA mask is employed to heighten the effect of being isolated, for the covering of the face and the sensations created by a cool (or hot), clinging, impervious rubber surface are disconcerting, unique, and at times quite scary; thus fulfilling and adding to the intensification of the experience.

For the truly serious afficionado, there is also a desire for much more overt restraint of both the body and the limbs, and he or she will incorporate some sort of more stringent restraint within the environment or session being enjoyed. When possible, suspension is sometimes also employed to increase the feelings of helplessness, and so the practitioner moves towards the vague feelings that sometimes can be quantified by an "Oh! Wow!", or "I gotta get out of this!". Both comments are equally valid in their connotations, and after the fact, generally, leave a longing on the part of the dedicated practitioner to do it again and soon; but unfortunately, most of the time the actual opportunities to 'play' occur only infrequently attributed variously to 'vibes', the positions of the planets and sun, etc., etc., etc.

All of the above being said, what is written after this foreword should be considered as being a voyage of exploration on the part of the Author; as much to plumb his own feelings and resources in order to bring forth

intense feelings of sensual stimulation from the entire 'scene', as it is to enjoy the knowledge that escape is impossible.

There is no doubt in my mind that this will generate some incredulity on the part of the non-participating reader; i.e. that such a journey could ever be conceived of as being enjoyable, never mind executed; but it is another facet of the human condition we all live with, and in, and so I would ask the forbearance of those who are not familiar with this particular part of the spectrum of kink: asking only that you read it with an open and sympathetic mind.

PREPARATION PROCESS

It's a quiet day here at the house.

I have the place to myself, and have decided that now is the time to finally go the whole route of rubber enclosure, and to enjoy the attentions of a friend who is a Domme and wants to learn all the intricacies of **The Creature**, Lite version, and the new electrical stimulation machines I've recently purchased.

I'm aware that when our session begins, the friendship stops, right then and there, until the session is concluded. I accept this fact and want it to be the case.

Nancy has made plans to arrive sometime in the next two hours, and I want to be completely prepared when she shows up, even though unaware of exactly when that will be, and what will happen to me when she begins our playtime. She knows where the keys for the house are hidden, and so will be able to get in without my assistance.

My intention is to cover and enclose myself from head to toe, and to accomplish the goal, I have, over the years, collected a full rubber catsuit, helmet, gloves, and some interesting boots. The choice for my head covering and





enclosure today is to employ a full face-covering respirator, fastened over a rubber helmet. Under the helmet I'll wear a set of swim goggles, these with the lenses painted over, as well as a ball gag. Use of this particular mask and helmet combination permits the employment of the gag; thus ensuring that coherent speech is virtually eliminated, as well as considerably muffling any cries that may emanate from within their confines. Also, when done this way, the respirator will make an airtight seal over my face, and she will be able to do some breath control play.

Now, to begin.

I'd showered, then shaved myself fully, for the hair on one's arms and legs can be a bother when donning a rubber suit, but before I dressed myself in it, I attached the electrical stimulation contact pads to my nipples and breasts; another means of intensifying the sensations on my journey of exploration. The two pairs of electrodes go on quickly - one directly onto each nipple, and the second to the breast, about two inches below, with their wires leading down to my waist and crotch. I prefer to have the appearance of a female, for the cat suit is a female one, and so fitted myself with a pair of D-cup sized breast prostheses. Next came the application of a silicon compound and the slick liquid allowed me to slide the suit on with ease.

The catsuit is made of a thick (.033") gauge latex with attached feet, a split crotch, and is back-zipped with a high, double thickness collar and although a helmet is not included, the one I have will integrate to it quite easily. It took nearly 10 minutes to slowly and carefully climb into my rubber envelope, ensuring that the interior fittings and wire runs from my chest were properly placed, then once fully dressed I revelled in the tight feeling of enclosure. Even wearing the full faced helmet, I'll still be able to

experience all of the sensations of the inner face mask of the respirator pressing into my skin.

With a strap and ring clipped to the eye of the rear zipper tab, I carefully pulled the suit's fastener closed up my back; but only to the base of my neck, for I will soon slip the helmet's collar under it, then finish the enclosure process. It takes a while to get all of the wrinkles and creases out, for I don't want them pinching the underlaying skin, once I'm fully dressed. The effort involved to ensure a proper fit quickly resulted in a sweat being worked up, and I felt it trickling down my body when I twisted and bent.

It's time for the ball gag and the blinding goggles. I slipped the gag into my mouth, then carefully adjusted its tubular, rubber strap so that it fit comfortably around my head, then came the next part of the isolation process and I slipped a pair of ear plugs into my ears, thus blotting out most of the noise in the already quiet house. The head strap for the goggles went around my skull, and I spent a moment adjusting it, temporarily blind. It was time to put on the helmet. This slipped easily over my head, then was settled in place so that the facial portion was as comfortable as possible while wearing the gag and goggles. I pulled the zipper closed from the crown of my head, down the back, to the bottom of its collar at the base of my neck, then reached up and lifted the goggles from my eyes, under the front of the helmet, knowing that they'd soon be in place again.

Adjusting the neck tube of the helmet was quickly completed then I pulled the suit's zipper fully to the top of its collar, thus sealing my entire head and body, except for my hands, away from the outer world. The double thickness suit's collar(.066") was easily set to lay flat, comfortably around my neck, over the helmet's. Erotic





visions of being kept as a prisoner inside a suit like this for days or weeks on end flashed through my increasingly fevered mind.

I felt a small measure of claustrophobia already, and, sealed within the helmet, tentatively pushed the ball gag out of my mouth with my tongue. Actually, this was fairly easy to do, at this point, thanks to its rubber strap, but I knew that the inner facial cup of the respirator would be held fairly tight to my face, and I'd only be able to partially expel it. Certainly, just by closing my teeth, I'd be able to prevent it from re-penetrating my mouth, but I'd have to remember to keep biting down on the resilient ball. If I relaxed my jaw even the slightest, it would immediately pop back in!

The feeling of over-all compression and containment, together with the restricted vision from within the helmet and the almost total lack of sound, made for a unique sensory experience; but it was time for the other parts of my ensemble to be added.

Now came the lower body electrical contacts. These consist of an external male catheter, rolled along the penis and holding a thin, internal, electro-conductive rubber contact in place (this already coated with a layer of Spectra-2000 Contact gel). Next came the neoprene 'O' rings. One was slid along the length to the base of my maleness, slightly constricting it, and the second, smaller one, just over the head. I slipped my tightly rubber encased member up under the belly of the opened, split crotch.

My stainless steel chastity belt was the next article, and the tight waist band soon clamped my middle. Now it was time for the three inch long by one inch diameter brass butt plug. This was the other electrode for the lower body, and once coated with the contact gel, slipped easily

inside me to make contact with my prostate gland, just within the bowel. Electrical stimulation passing through the prostate and out along the penile shaft is a very intense sensory experience. I pulled the steel crotch shield forward between my legs, then at the front, integrated its upper end with the waistband closure, and locked it securely. I can't get the thing off without the keys, and with everything being fully closed, all the electrical connections would remain pressed tightly in place. The lower body connection wire hung from the back slot of the crotch band, together with the one for my breasts, waiting. Now came the thigh cuffs part of the chastity belt set. These slid up my legs to mid-thigh, compressing the muscles slightly, then I gartered them to the waist band using the chains from each one's outer side. The thigh bands are joined to each other with two, four inch lengths of chain.

It was time for the boots. These are a pair of leather, knee high, front-laced boots that have horse's hooves in place of the normal shape, and are shod with steel horse shoes. I easily slid my rubber coated feet into them and a couple of minutes later had each laced tightly around my lower legs.

Now, it was time for my other restraints to be fitted and my chest heaved with contained, nervous gasps when I contemplated what I was about to do, for the keys to all of my restraints hung many feet away, over the Control Panel and well beyond the limit of my chain leash. My Domme will have to release me.

First, I slipped into the heavy duty, leather bra harness that comprises one of the main parts of my restrictive ensemble, and tightened all the straps that held it in place. It resembles a sports bra with a wide panel between the shoulder blades, and it took a bit of getting used to, and getting into. The cups of the bra are of spun stainless steel and completely covered my breasts, defining their location under the suit, when the bra harness was buckled tightly around my chest. An inverted 'V' of chains at the front and back connected it to my chastity belt waistband.

Today, I'm going to use a special type of restraint for my legs, something called a Spanish Trapezoid. This consists of a pair of below-the-knee cuffs and ankle cuffs, and all are closed by being screwed on with thick bolts. Perhaps this doesn't sound too out of the ordinary, but built into this particular set-up are two spreader bars: a 20" long one between the ankles, and a slightly shorter one between the knee cuffs. The two spreaders are kept separated by vertical steel bars between the cuff sets, on the inside of each leg, and attached to the middle of the lower spreader is a 6" chain connected to a 25 pound, lead ball. Another chain was also connected there, this being a leash leading to a sturdy ring. A second leash is locked at the back of the waist belt, going to this same ring, and so there is no way I can leave the area bounded by these chains. Within a couple of minutes, the cuffs were clamped tight over my boots and any walking I might attempt would be very difficult. Walking of any sort however, will not be a permitted option, today. Short, and for the moment quite slack springs from widespread floor rings were quickly clipped to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs.

The Spanish Trapezoid has other features though. At each ankle cuff fastening, a pair of thin, yet very strong cables lead up through rings on the knee spreader, then through



others on the waistband of my chastity belt. The final connections for these will be done by my Domme after she arrives. One pair of cables will be connected to my above-the-elbow cuffs, and the other set to my wrist cuffs. Basically, whenever my legs are straight, their effect will be to pull my elbows in behind my back, and at the same time, draw the separator bar between my wrist cuffs tightly against the front of my waistband. It's a scary concept of total bondage, but one I want to experience. Chains from the thigh cuffs descend down each leg and lock to the below the knee cuffs, thus integrating all of the leg restraints and I quickly place then bolted on my upper arm cuffs. They're tight, and I felt my muscles and tendons fight against them when I bent my arms.

Then, came the wide, steel collar, and this, once fastened around my neck, utterly prevented the removal of my helmet or the suit. It too was connected to the sturdy ring by a chain from its back-mounted ring. Other chains descended from both the front and back rings, locking to my bra harness.

The next-to-last articles were a pair of thin, inner, latex gloves, then, over them, a pair of thick, neoprene work gloves. These gloves fit very snugly, then the gauntlet portion was folded and taped securely. After I'd put those on, I rolled down the sleeves of the cat suit, sealing both pairs in place over my hands. Thus, I'd arrived at the sublime state of being almost completely removed from the outer world, other than the apertures in the face of my

rubber helmet. I was silenced by the gag, but could still manage to push it through the helmet's mouth hole.

It was time to begin my suspension process. I'd already set up the four, heavy duty, garage door springs, and they were spaced so that once connected to the waist band of my chastity belt, I'd be fully airborne. It took some doing, but 10 minutes later, I'd managed to clip the springs to my belt. I'd arranged things so that I was partially sitting, and now, the springs to my ankle cuffs were stretched tautly. When I slipped off the boxes, I was held completely suspended, bouncing gently in mid-air. Yes, I could pull my legs up a little, but not much before the combined tension of the main suspending springs hauled me up again!

The wires to the two Erostek ET-312's were easily connected, and a fit of trembling anticipation ran through my body, but I continued my preparations with fingers that were becoming more and more palsied. These machines are very talented and very powerful devices, and so far, I'd only managed to get up to about 50% of their rated power before having to call it quits. At that point I could feel only very slight pulses from them, for they'd been set to a 'Ramp Up' function - and over the next two hours would slowly increase their power output to the maximum, at preset increments that I'd have no control over. My Domme friend would, of course, override these settings, and I know that she would happily do so.

I'd arranged the balance of my restraints carefully, so that even blinded by the goggles, I'd be able to complete them. The respirator hung in front of me on its hoses, waiting to be fitted over my face and head, and at my waist, the wrist cuff separator bar dangled on its chains from the side rings of my waistband, waiting. Until now this arrangement had only swung back and forth, as yet unused, the separator bar bumping against the front of my thighs, just below crotch level. Once closed, the cuffs would act to seal both the sleeves of my suit and all of my gloves securely in place. The bar that separates them from one



another is a 5/8" diameter shaft, 20" long, and it is a terribly effective piece of bondage equipment, for it severely limits the use of either hand for any task. Once I'd put it on, I'd not be able to raise my hands high enough to remove the

By this point, the enclosure of the suit was uncomfortably

warm and noticably restrictive; but I carried on, for I was almost to the point where I'd wanted to be for so long. With trembling hands, I reached up to my helmeted head and slipped the blindfolding goggles down and over my eyes, then carefully adjusted them under the helmet to ensure that they seated comfortably around my eyes. I became enfolded in a world of silent, tight, blackness and gasped from all of the sensations of captivity and confinement I'd created so far. Of course when I did, the gag ball popped back inside my mouth!

It was time for the respirator.

Reaching out in front, I quickly located it, then slipped it over my face and head. The thick, wide, stretchy rubber straps were easily tightened, until its edge seals pressed firmly onto the helmet, all around my face, making it completely airtight. The intake air hoses are, intentionally, slightly smaller than needed, and so each breath I now took required some effort and when taken, acted to gently suck the inner nose and mouth cup even more snugly against my face. It was a little scary, even though I'd played with this set-up before; but in a few moments, I wouldn't be able to escape it!

At the Control Panel end of the air hose was a valve, currently in the fully opened position, and also a filter pack, that further slightly restricted the airflow. My Domme likes to play with breath control, and so with the helmet and face mask already partially acting to do that, she would easily be able to continue, and I knew she would. For a few moments, I just tried to get used to the sensations of breathing while in the mask, feeling its restriction and compression with each breath. Too, I could feel the exhaust valves opening and closing, and although each breath took a only small effort to make, just the act of inhaling and exhaling added considerably to my already intense sensations of enclosure. The hissing noises of air



passing through the valves was an interesting addition to the whole environment, even as muffled as they were to my plugged ears, and so I continued to be made deeply aware of the feel of my sealed-on mask. It was at that point I began to get increasingly panicky about what I'd committed myself to. A 'moment of truth' had arrived, and I knew that if I proceed, I'd render myself utterly unable to escape what was to come.

It was time to put on the wrist cuffs that would so restrict and imprison me.

With more than a little fear, I managed to pull up their separator bar, then slipped my left wrist into the opened cuff. It zipped easily closed, encircling my wrist, pressing firmly into the layers of rubber around it. At that point, I



could still partially escape my bondage, although I'd remain tethered at the opposite end of the room from where the keys were hung over the Control Panel. Slowly, gasping with sensations that were difficult to define, let alone name, I slipped my right wrist into the opened cuff. I was driven ... I wanted to experience the total helplessness and vulnerability I'd worked so hard to create, and so with some twisting of my arms, I managed to get the opened cuff to swing closed, then pressed it agains my chastity belt until it fully and snugly encircled my right wrist.

Now, I couldn't escape! I was blindfolded, gagged, suspended, and helpless to stop the slowly increasing pulses from the electro-stimulation machines.

The chains from the side rings of my waist band to the ends of the wrist separator bar were quite short, and so kept my hands away from my head and the increasingly claustrophobic respirator. Too, the long separator bar between my wrist cuffs acted to render my hands totally useless, being held so wide apart. I felt another increase in the sensations generated by the electrical stimulation machines, and deep under the sealed steel crotch plate and at my nipples, a sudden cascade of needling, throbbing electricity pulsed. These shocks, up to that point, hadn't been bad, but they were quite uncomfortable and I struggled instinctively to avoid them, bouncing slowly in mid-air on the springs. They continued to assault those most sensitive parts of my body, without stopping!

Now I had to await for the arrival of the woman who would



quickly drop her cloak of friendship, and become the cruel and insatiable Domme that I wanted her to be. I had small hope that she would be very sympathetic to my predicament when she arrived to begin her part of the session. Other than the electro-stimulation, I soon found that I was extremely bored and time passed with glacial slowness while I dangled in silence, waiting in growing fear and anticipation.

Actually, only a few moments had passed, but I began to panic at the thoughts of what I'd done to myself. What if she'd had a car accident or was delayed in some other way?! What would I do??!! Even knowing it was useless, I began to try and get out of my fix, but I'd been far too good at my planning, and succeeded only in making myself bounce wildly. I had no means of release! The shocks stepped up another level, and this time made me howl from their increased strength, flailing wildly. Oh damn!!!

PLAY BEGINS

I was so involved with my predicament and struggles to somehow escape it, that I was never aware of Nancy's arrival, thanks to my blindfolding goggles and the ear plugs. She'd slipped silently into the house, then come down to the dungeon and had been watching me for several moments. My first clue that she'd arived came when the by now intense and painful shocks suddenly stopped. I sighed with relief, and slowly settled to just hang between the floor and ceiling, knowing now that I'd eventually be released ... at some future point. However, there would be a high price to pay before that was permitted! She spoke loudly, beside my head.

"Are you having fun yet, Darlin'?"

When I attempted to speak and ask her to release me, the gag popped back into my mouth.

"Ah! You've gagged yourself inside there too, haven't

you?" she teased.

"Well, that's a good thing, because you're going to do a lot of screaming and begging in the next while, and we don't want to disturb the neighbours too much, do we? "I think you wanted me to let you out." she mused. "Nope! Ain't happenin'! I am going to discipline you."

I could almost see her happily smiling while she spoke. Nancy is a striking lady with a commanding and intense presence, and has an evil sense of dominance when she wants to express it. Her tone and words stated that she was about to do just that.

"First thing I'm going to do is to move all of this stuff you've used to get yourself into that fix out of the way."

I heard nothing further for a few moments, then her voice materialized beside me again.

"Time to finish off your bondage, Darlin'."

Although I couldn't see her doing it, I immediately felt the remainder of my restraints being connected. She pulled up on my knee spreader bar, bending my legs.

"Hold that position while I hook you up!"

She ran the cables through their guides on my waistband, then there were barely felt clicks at my wrist cuffs. Immediately after, just as my leg muscles were beginning to tire from pulling on the springs, she clipped the other cables to my elbow cuffs.



"There! You're ready." she said with a smile in her voice. "I'll be busy for a few moments, so don't you go away now!"

I let my legs go and the ankle springs snapped them straight out. Of course, the cables worked precisely as planned, and my wrist separator bar snapped tightly against my waist band, at the same time as my arms were dragged in behind me. I was enfolded in the silent



blackness of my suspension, but now I knew I was going to be made to experience some very intense sensations. Gasping breaths of terror came, but for the longest time, nothing happened, then her disembodied voice came once more.

"We're going to play with voice stimulation today, amongst other things. When I speak into the microphone, like this ... and turn up the dials like this ... you'll find that just the sound of my voice will make you dance. I kinda enjoy the idea!"

As she continued to speak the last, I began to feel needling pulses assault my breasts in increasing strength, varying with her every intonation! I wailed plaintively inside my sudden, black, Hell.

"Ah!" she said, turning the sensitivity back a little so that now her voice just made me writhe frantically against my restraints. "I see that you like me to talk to you this way! It's actually kinda nice that you'll move just to the sound of my voice! However, I can't always be talking to you my dear, because, as you are now, you're a pretty boring conversationalist.

"What I'm going to do is to just slip this cute little microphone into my bra, then turn up the sensitivity and let my breathing and humming brighten up your life. How's that sound?"

I could do and say nothing to prevent it, but for the moment I was not being shocked. Something pressed against the front of my collar.

"Here's another neat little twist." she spoke again. "I've taped the microphone from the second machine to your collar, and any noise you make will result in some rather interesting sensations too! Nasty arrangement, isn't it? "Well, that's all you're going to hear from me for the next while, Darlin'! It's time for me to begin playing with your really neat toys. Bye!"

I heard no more, then began to feel a slow, mild, rhythmical series of stimulation to my breasts. Suddenly, they increased dramatically in a strange pattern! It took a moment for me to realize she was humming to herself and I was receiving the electrical equivalent! Next, under the steel crotch shield of the chastity belt, my maleness was suddenly transfixed with a throbbing, slowly intensifying series of shocks! I bounced on the springs, wailing with the sensations of the electricity pulsing through my body, desperate to get at either my armoured breasts or crotch. All the moves I attempted with my cuffed, chained, and separated hands was totally unsuccessful. Even if I pulled up my legs to get some small freedom in

the cables that automatically captured my wrists and elbows, the springs soon snapped them straight out and too, there was the slipperiness of the thick neoprene work gloves and the almost total lack of sensitivity that the doubled coverings enforced, adding even more to my feelings of helplessness.

The shocks died away slowly, leaving me to hang, gasping and shivering from their intensity, yet still held in my restricting web of chains, cables, and springs. She let me recover for a few moments, then it started again. Nancy had obviously changed settings on the machines, and a whole new range of sensations began to wash through my body while she played with the controls. Soon, again, she had me wailing and writhing dementedly to escape her attentions, but nothing I attempted did any good at all, and my torment went on and on! Occasionally, she stopped and allowed me to rest and recover, but her attention always returned to me! During my times at rest, I greatly feared the continuation of her forced stimulation, and every return came as a terrible and distressing event. Sometime later, she went back to using the microphone, and again the weird sensations generated by her humming a nameless tune returned, but now they peeked at even stronger values and I couldn't help the yell of distress that tore from my throat! This time though, when I howled into the gag, the penile electrode suddenly pulsed strongly! I flailed madly, feeling the incredible sensations coursing through my maleness ... and another series of shocks assaulted me down there! Each time I howled, more came and I couldn't stop myself! In reaction, and as a means



to somehow (uselessly!) protect myself from the electrical assaults, I again pulled my legs up against the resistance of the springs and the weight of the lead ball, and tried bring them together. I gained some momentary small freedom for my hands and arms, but it was impossible to get them close to each other! They snapped straight again, returning my arms to their regular, restricted position!

My movements in the suspending springs became chaotic, for I was, thanks to the microphone taped to my collar, punishing myself! She spoke, I suppose to herself, and, as a consequence, my nipples and breasts seemed to catch fire from the shocks that came from her doing so! I suppose I went a little crazy, for I found myself screaming and weeping in total distraction, a prisoner inside my black imprisonment, jerking frantically to escape my self-

imposed bondage, bouncing erratically in mid-air, trying anything ... anything at all, to escape what she was doing to me.

Then ... the breathing air stopped hissing into my mask!

The mask clamped leech-like onto my face with every succeeding breath I attempted to take, and it got worse and worse! With the exhausts from the mask, it clamped more and more tightly! Another, sudden, very intense trill of electricity pulsed through my breasts and crotch, driving me completely crazy, again! Nothing! I had no breath left! Blackness crept closer, but then, with a rush, she allowed air to gush into the mask and turned down the pulses that so tormented me.

She left me to hang and recover, and for the longest time all I could do was to gasp in great lung fulls of air, hanging listlessly, near to exhaustion. I tried to call out to her around the gag and assure myself that I hadn't been abandoned, but when I did, I was shocked again, although this time only mildly. I was being shown that I had to keep silence. I don't know how long I hung there in silent blackness, but it seemed like hours and hours.

Certainly, I'd present quite a sight to anyone who'd see me: rubber encased, harnessed in a gleaming chastity belt, and an assortment of cuffs, gas masked, chained, suspended, leashed to the wall, and connected to hoses and wires leading to an ominous control panel. I didn't really care. At that point, I just wanted to be released and allowed to rest. My Domme had other ideas though, and after what I thought was nearly a year, she returned and



began my torment all over again! Over the next hours I spent a lot of time screaming and begging, and when this failed, descended into sobs and tears of terror that it would



never end. It was one of the most awesomely frightening and intense experiences I'd ever had, and it kept going on and on and on!

Finally, I felt her place my feet on the boxes and she quickly freed me of the suspending springs. However, my leashes remained fastened, and she wordlessly helped me collapse onto the mats on the floor. It felt so good to be allowed to lay down.

It was then I remembered that I'd requested she fasten me down to recover after the suspension part of our play ... and continue! I felt her lock an additional chain to the back of my collar, then a few seconds later, another was connected to the central ring on my ankle spreader and pulled tight! When she did, the cables acted once more as intended, pulling the wrist separator bar tight to my waist band and jerking my arms in behind me! I moaned feebly, trying to fight against this uncomfortable arrangement, feeling my back arched upward over my elbows and for a moment rolled from side to side in agitation. She connected other chains to the sides of my waist band and bra, holding me motionless then her voice came, next to my head.

"Time for more entertainment for you, Darlin'! I need to go to the store and get some stuff, so I'm going to leave you here on automatic for an hour or two. The machines should keep you busy while I'm gone, 'cause I've set them up just like you showed me the last time.

"You'll be kept pretty lively, I guess." I heard the smile again. "The time lapse between the increase in intensity has been cut away down, and I've entered the 'Random One' setting on one machine, and the 'Random Two' setting on the other. Have fun and try not to scream too loud, OK?"

That was all I heard from her, then a moment later the door of the dungeon was closed firmly and locked! For long moments I lay twisting and fighting my chains, but nothing I did eased my situation. Then, the shocks started once more! At first they were easily bearable, even though they made me twitch and struggle to escape them, but as time passed they became stronger and stronger! Being

set on their random patterns, I had no idea of what to expect, but occasionally both machines would generate their patterns at the same time and drive me to howls of desperation to escape. I'd been far too demanding, and far too clever with all of my toys. Now I was paying the price!

My chains thrummed while I bounced against them, desperate to escape what was being done to my nipples, breasts and maleness! I panted and gasped in the blackness, my mind reeling with overwhelming sensations, knowing I was alone in a locked and empty house! In truth, she'd had never left the room, but I didn't know it, and that added even more to my terror of what was happening. True to her word though, she didn't do a thing for a full hour, and by the time she 'reappeared' I was nearly mindless from the incredible sensations my body was being subjected to. At last she spoke again.

"Well, it looks like the end for today, Darlin'. We've been at this for most of the day, and I think you're about done to a turn. Hold still while I get you out of all this stuff."

To say that I was thankful to finally be released would be a considerable understatement. Fifteen minutes later I was completely out of my bonds and rubber cocoon, and she handed me a wrap. I smiled tiredly at her and headed for the shower. My feet seemed to weigh a ton apiece while I climbed the stairs, but after I'd stood under the hot, pelting water of the shower for 20 minutes, I again began to feel semi-human. In the meantime, she'd made some soup and a sandwich for me, and I returned to the dining room with a ravenous appetite. Over the next two hours we talked and dissected the session just completed, quickly coming to the conclusion that it had been a success for us both. Shortly after that, having assured herself that I was indeed OK and harboured no ill feelings, she left for home. I immediately headed for bed and passed quickly into a deep sleep.

COMMENT

The initial part of the session I've described above was indeed a dangerous one.

I took all the precautions I could think of, working on a 'worst case' basis, attempting to cover every circumstance, foreseen and otherwise, but the danger was still there, and perhaps that was a large part of the kick that I derived.

However, it cannot be over emphasized that bondage of almost any type is a dangerous game to play, and has been lethal in some instances. Constriction or a reduction in the ability to breathe freely should be considered to be an absolute no-no. Yes, I recognized after the fact, and quite fearfully during a much of the time I wore it during the session, that I should not have fitted myself with the ball gag, especially with it sealed away under the respirator and me unable to get at it.

If I'd been physically ill while wearing it ... I'd be dead, and you wouldn't be reading this.

Electrical play is another area in which a great deal of caution must be taken. I've played with electro-stimulation for many, many years, and must caution the occasional user, and even someone with a moderate level of experience to never use electrical stimulation above waist level. Improper application of current will kill you just as surely as a lack of oxygen. In the same vein, do not ever employ mains (wall) current for play! That will most certainly render you into the arms of St. Peter, Allah, or your least favourite deity.

In closing, let me say that I enjoyed the experience immensely and will be repeating it very soon.

THE END

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John Gillan



BELLOW THE BELT

BY SARAH VEITCH

The next morning he woke her and showed her where the bathroom was then let her eat breakfast.

'Now it's time for your punishment,' he said with obvious relish. 'Matron suggested I tan your arse with this slipper as it's unlikely to break the skin.'

'Please, not too hard. It still hurts from yesterday,' Kerri whispered, meaning it.

'Oh? Then the least I can do is make a full inspection,' Alan said. He stared at the long T-shirt she'd worn as a nightie. 'Lift your shirt up above your buttocks then bend over my lap.'

Gritting her teeth at this latest ignominy, Kerri obeyed the

monkey-like man. He seemed determined to make each disparaging act last as long as possible so took an age to push her shirt further up her back. Then he began to palm her with increasing severity, asking 'Does this hurt? And this? And this?'

'Yes, Master,' Kerri repeated each time, wincing and squirming. Her entire being was flooded with shame.

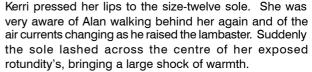
'Quit the play acting. You're hardly a war casualty,' Alan said. He hesitated. 'I'd planned to slipper you myself but now I'm thinking about calling Matron in for a second opinion.'

Kerri quivered anew at the prospect. 'The pain's abating, Master. Please slipper me,' she forced out, determined to avoid the old bitch being brought

back. Alan fondled her globes some more. 'But Matron may want to see the aftermath of last night's spanking.' 'Please slipper me now, Master,' Kerri said again, a note of desperation entering her voice.

'Very well, seeing as you're beseeching so prettily,' Alan replied. He pushed her from his lap. 'Walk before me to the settee in the lounge and bend over the back of it.'

Aware of his eyes roaming over her naked parts, Kerri hastened to obey. She found the settee was low and that bending over it forced her bare buttocks outwards. 'Hold the position or you'll get double,' Alan said. Kerri pushed her fingers into the soft material of the settee and tensed her calves, willing herself to stay in place. Alan walked around until he stood in front of the long couch. 'Kiss the slipper and beg forgiveness,' he murmured throatily.



Kerri yelped and almost jumped up but forced herself to stay in place. As if testing her, Alan immediately repeated the lashing, the smooth surface berating most of her buttock flesh.

Kerri hadn't known that a slippering could hurt so much. As the beating continued, she drummed her feet on the floor and shook her lower body from side to side in a

futile attempt to displace some of the fire.

'Bad girl. Stay still or I'll thrash you harder,' Alan said.

'So hot... Really hurts...' Kerri muttered from between her clenched teeth.

'Second inspection of the day,' Alan said, letting the slipper fall to the ground. Kerri began to straighten but he guided her back into place. 'No, stay where you are. Just spread your legs further for me.'

Blushing, Kerri did as she was told. She whimpered as she felt his rough hand skimming over her heated contours, bringing increased discomfort to her chastened parts.

After long moments, he picked up the slipper again.

'I don't think that arse has had nearly enough punishment yet,' he said consideringly. Kerri cringed against the back of the couch.

'Master, how much more do I have to bear?' she whispered, twisting her head to look pleadingly back at him.

'How much more of the birch would you have given me if I'd come without permission yesterday?' Alan enquired. Not knowing what to say to make things right, Kerri lowered her lids and kept quiet.

'Assume the position properly,' Alan continued and she faced the front again and bent more fully over the settee. It might have been her imagination, but she felt he laid on the slipper harder than he had before.

Leastwise, it seared into her sentient cheeks, causing her



to cry out in anguish. She jerked and shifted her feet and almost let go of the couch several times as he walloped her with increasing zeal.

'Oh sir - Master, just stop for a few minutes. I'll do anything,' Kerri wailed, jerking back and forth.

Clearly determined to have the last word, Alan laid on three more strokes then she felt him tease the slipper over her anguished arse. 'Anything?' he repeated provocatively. Kerri remembered how he'd hardened in her palm before.



'I beg permission to please you with my hand, Master,' she said.

'Is your hand all that's on offer?' She could tell by the shift in the air that he'd raised the slipper again.

'No, Master, I plead to please you with my mouth,' she said humbly, deciding that it was better to fellate him than be flogged.

'I don't want your mouth - it tells lies and talks self-serving nonsense,' the youth said contemptuously. He paused. 'But I might want to avail myself of your shy little pussy. What would you think of that?'

Kerri hesitated, sensing a trap. Matron and Jeff had said she was to remain celibate. Maybe this man wanted her to offer him her sex, then he'd beat her for being prepared to break the rules.

'Master, I'd be honoured to open myself to you,' she said with difficulty, 'But wouldn't I be breaking the celibacy rule?' She risked a quick look round at Alan but his features were unreadable.

'I won't tell if you won't,' he said.

Kerri paused.

'So what's it to be, a hotter arse or a damn good fucking?' the youth asked crudely.

Kerri cringed inside at his words but forced herself to meet his gaze. He owned her for the day so she was determined to be diplomatic. 'A damn good fucking please, Master,' she said.

'Good girl. Walk before me into the conservatory,' he ordered.

Aware, once again, that he was assessing her reddened haunches, the twenty-six year old walked obediently in front of him. She reached the conservatory and was glad to see that it was lined with sprawling green and yellow foliage. It would make it harder for anyone passing to see her break the rules.

'Which way do you want me?' she murmured looking

around at the various bamboo seats and occasional coffee tables.

Alan cast his hand towards the pieces of occasional furniture. 'Push them out of the way so that I can lie in the centre of the floor.'

Kerri did so, wondering what he had in mind. When she'd pushed everything closer to the glass walls he lay down on his back and edged his trousers and boxer shorts off. His cock stood up like a sentry.

'Make me come, bitch,' he said.

Kerri stared at him in surprise.

'Unless you'd rather taste the slipper again?' he enquired. 'No, Master.' Quickly she approached him. Then she touched herself between her legs, wondering what to do about lubrication. To her surprise, she found she was already wet. During the night she'd had erotic dreams about tongues licking her and must have orgasm in her sleep.

One thing was certain - this simian bastard didn't turn her on. But she was his for the day and was determined to avoid further censure. Forcing herself to smile, she knelt over him, spread her labial lips apart then centred her vulva above his cock.

'I want you to really work at this,' he said coolly. 'If you fail to give satisfaction I'll give you the soundest thrashing you've ever had.'

'Yes, Master,' Kerri answered, forcing her gaze to meet his. She sank down on his hardness and was pleased when his mouth grimaced with rapture. She watched his gaze shift to focus on her gently undulating tits.

'Keep working,' Alan said.

Kerri realised belatedly that he wasn't going to participate at all, not even to thrust his hips up slightly. She had to lift herself and bring her vulva down on him again and again. Soon her arms began to tire and her movements lessened. 'I really think she wants another bumreddening,' Alan said matter of factly and Kerri squealed out her denials and renewed her thrusting down. She ground her hips against him as hard as she could, bringing increased friction to his cock.

At last his eyes closed and his lips went slack and she





realised that he was nearing Nirvana. Going for a Grand Finale, Kerri lifted and pushed, lifted and pushed, lifted and pushed.

The youth came, groaning loud and long. She kept pumping her hips, aware that the movement was bringing increased heat to her already chastened contours. Determined to avoid further sessions with the slipper she thrust down and down and down.

At last he pushed her away. 'Alright, I'm finished with you for now. Go clean yourself up and rest.'

An hour later he walked back into the guest bedroom. Kerri had been half dozing on her tummy but now turned quickly on her side.

'No, let me see. It's third inspection time,' Alan mocked. Hating every second, Kerri rolled onto her stomach so that he could examine her nether parts.

'Mm, still quite hot,' he said, laying his hands on them. 'But they've faded to pink rather than red.'

'They still hurt, Master,' Kerri told him truthfully, fearing a further slippering.

'Good, they deserve to. Now let's take a little ride to show you off,' Alan replied.

Kerri waited for him to put a rope around her waist and tow her behind his trike but instead he led her to the bike shed and wheeled out a tandem.

'I go in front,' he explained, 'and you sit behind so that people can admire your arse.' He got onto the front saddle and Kerri got awkwardly onto the rear. The sorest part of her buttocks stuck to the seat and as soon as the tandem started to bump along the road her pain intensified. 'Stand up on the pedals every time we pass someone,' Alan warned.

Knowing what awaited her if she displeased him, Kerri obediently revealed herself to each pavement walker, her breasts jiggling in time to her chagrined actions. In turn, Alpineglow's pedestrians laughed and waved. Alan even stopped twice to talk to youths he knew, both of whom took their time weighing Kerri's full tits and caressing her other charms.

Soon they reached a building that she recognised, the Sexology Unit.

'As you're so free with your sexual favours I've decided to hire you out here for the afternoon,' Alan said.

'Yes, Master,' Kerri murmured with false obsequiousness. Her spirits lifted as she realised he must be leaving her here. 'Will you come back to collect me later, sir?' she enquired.

Alan smiled knowingly. 'There's no need for that. I intend to remain and watch you perform tricks.'

What kind of tricks? Was she expected to sell her body to men like a streetwalker would? Kerri followed him into the Unit. They entered a room that she recognised. She also recognised the whitecoated sexologist, a woman that she'd met here before.

'Ah, Kerri - the last time we met you were an impromptu visitor,' the doctor said lightly. 'But I hear you're to be my patient this time.'

'I wouldn't bet on it,' Kerri murmured, unsure what lay in store.

The woman turned to Alan. 'I understood that you'd been giving her a prolonged punishment for some earlier trickery, but she doesn't seem very accommodating - and as you know, I'm completing a study of enforced submission. Let's tie her to the Teasing Trestle till she promises to do as she's told.'

Kerri mumbled an expletive as the two adults gripped firmly at her arms and marched her to a long padded bed with various straps attached to it. They bound her on her tummy, the straps going over her arms, waist, thighs and feet

'Start the power on level two,' the sexologist murmured. Alan bent and flicked a switch close to Kerri's head. Immediately the lower half of the trestle began to vibrate, sending erotic tremors through her pubis. After a few moments she was breathing hard and about to come.

'Switch it off,' the doctor ordered. Alan did so. Kerri groaned. 'But miss, I was so close to...' 'Exactly. We'll let you orgasm if you promise to do what you're told.'

'What do you want me to do?' Kerri queried, trying to chafe her Venusian mount against the couch to re-ignite the pleasure.

'That's for me to know and you to find out,' the sexologist said.

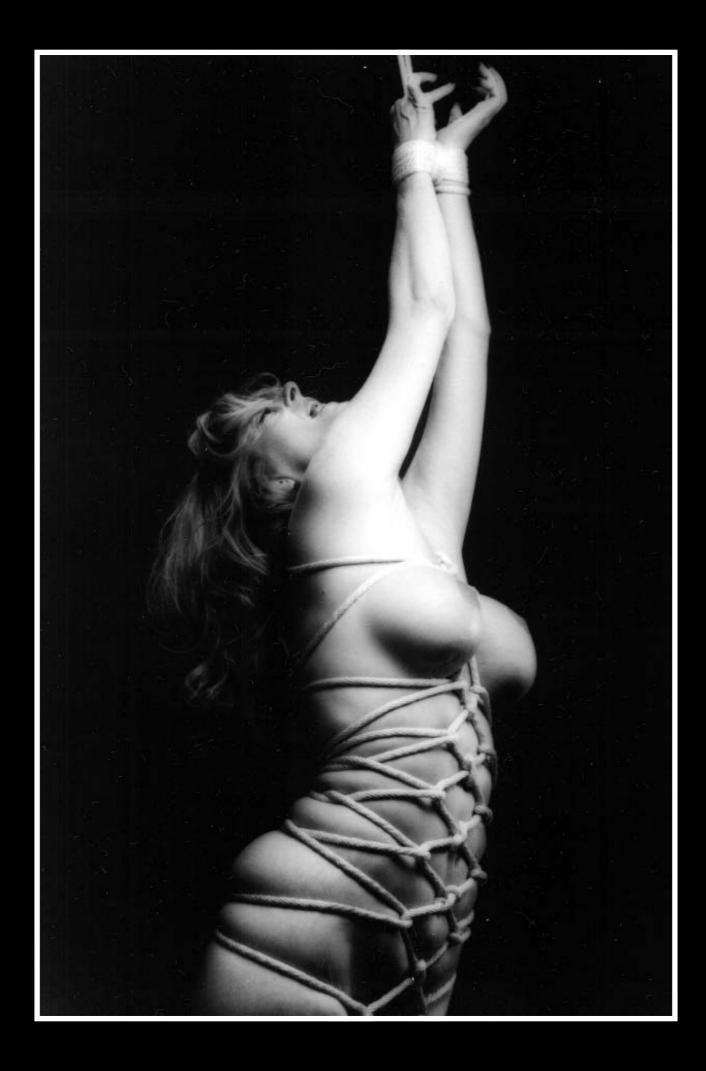
'I can't sign up for something so vague,' Kerri protested, wishing that she wasn't naked and strapped down on her belly. She had so little bargaining power this way.

'Oh well, we'll just have to switch the clever little trestle on again for a few frustrating minutes,' the doctor replied, indicating for Alan to reactivate the machine.

Again, the pulsation's made themselves known to Kerri's clit. Again she moaned and writhed as her body began to peak. Seconds before she went over the edge into rippling ecstasy, the she-devil switched off the incredible pleasure source.

'Alright, I agree to do what I'm told! Just let me come,' Kerri begged.

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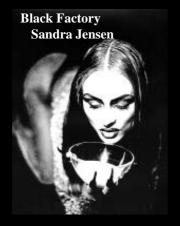




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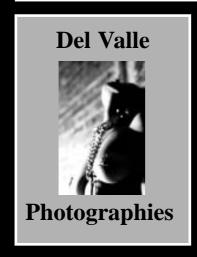








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